

UNION MAGAZINE.—Notice. All connection between the Proprietors of the Union Magazine and Israel Post has this day ceased. JAMES L. DE GRAW has been appointed Agent in his stead. All letters, orders, and payments, must hereafter be directed and made to said James L. De Graw, who is our authorized agent.

New-York, May 16th, 1848.

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THE  
UNION MAGAZINE,  
OF  
LITERATURE AND ART.

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for May, is, as usual, lavishly and richly embellished. The two principal engravings, "Clara and Lucy" and "Spring Time," are both of them very beautiful. Among the contributors to this number are Mrs. Child, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. C. H. Butler, F. C. Woodworth, and others. Mrs. Kirkland, the editor, is now in Europe, and doubtless the future numbers of the Union will contain many interesting "Letters from Abroad."—*The Inquirer, Nantucket, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for May, is already on our table, and its pages present as rich, fair and beautiful a face as does the prettiest morning of this smiling month for which it is issued. Its contributors are numerous, and embrace some of the best talent in the country—consequently, with Mrs. C. M. Kirkland as its editor (or editress) it would be superfluous in us to say that the number before us is an excellent specimen of an excellent work. Its embellishments, "Spring time," "Clara and Lucy," &c., are in the finest style of art. Should any of our fair friends wish to procure a welcome monthly visitor in the literary line, we advise them to subscribe for the "Union Magazine."—*Allentown Democrat, Allentown, Pa.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for this month, has been received, and it is in every way equal to its predecessors. This periodical has attained an exalted reputation, even in this land of elegant and substantial magazines, and, from present appearances, it seems as if its proprietor and contributors are determined to render it a little superior to any other production extant of the same character. The engravings of the present number are beautiful and interesting, and the reading matter very entertaining.—*New Jersey Union, New Brunswick, N. J.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—It is now several years since we first read Mrs. Kirkland's sweet and graphic sketches of back-woods life, and we have not yet forgotten how surprised we were on learning that 'Mary Clavers' was merely a *nom de plume* and not the real cognomen of the gifted authoress. Since then we have watched her course with much interest, and when we learned that she was about to edit a new Magazine, predicted that she would succeed. The result has proved the truth of our prophecy. She has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. The 5th number of the 2d volume now lies before us, and on the list

of contributors to its pages, we see the well known and ever welcome names of L. M. Child, F. S. Osgood, and C. H. Butler. The engravings are beautiful. We must confess that we are a very child in our love of pictures, and when on Tremont and Washington streets, have often found ourself 'pausing in our fleet career' to gaze at the beautiful prints which seem placed in the windows for the express purpose of making people break the commandment which says 'thou shalt not covet.' The first engraving, Clara & Lucy, is very cleverly executed, but the second, Spring-Time, comes home to our heart. It reminds us of our own happy childhood, of those spring days,

'When life was not all real,  
And gracefully fair nature wore  
The veil of the ideal.'

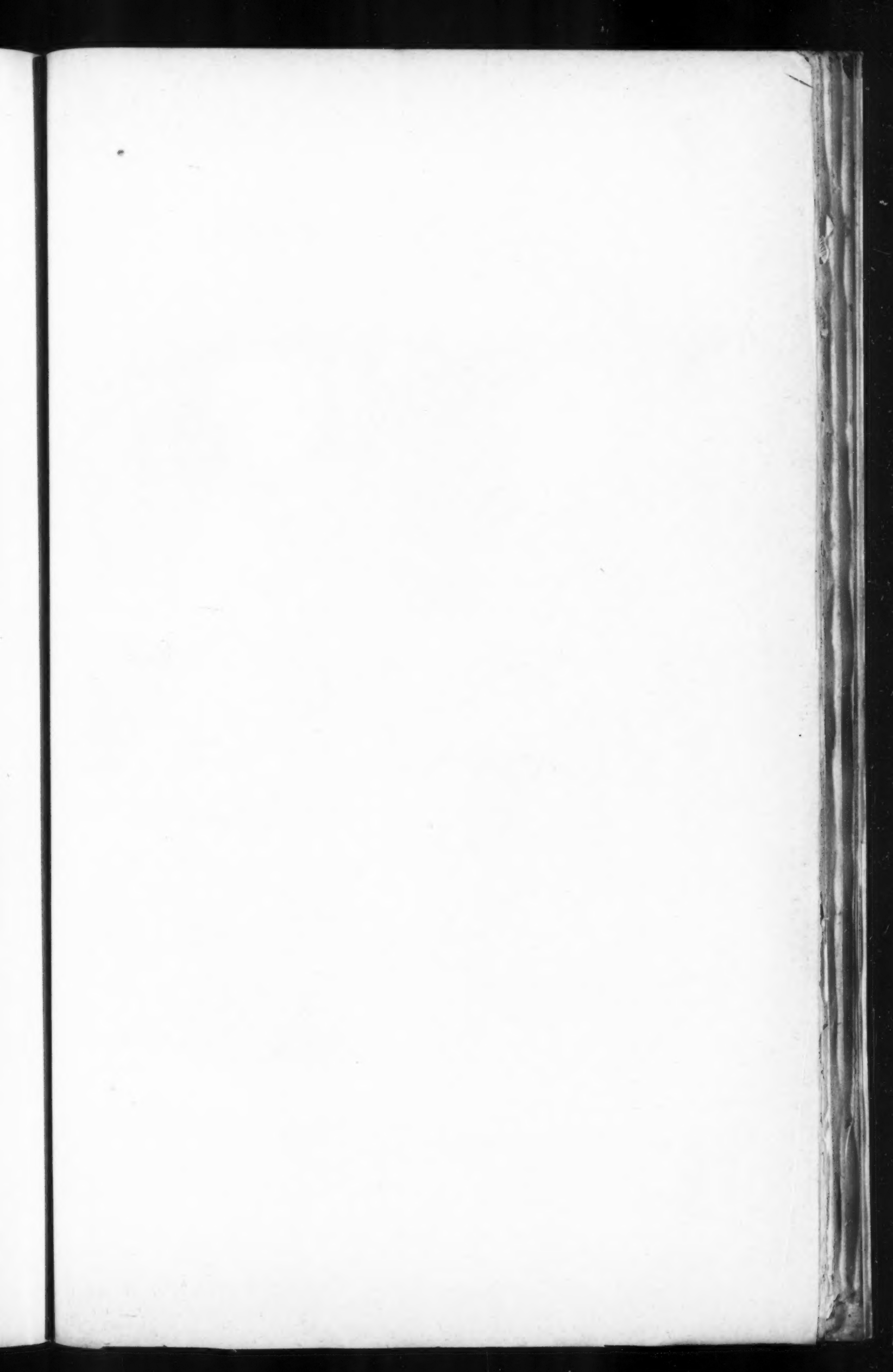
*The Prisoner's Friend, Boston, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for May, 1848, is embellished with two beautiful engravings, Clara and Lucy, and Spring Time, besides the usual Fashion Plate. Among its contents, The Seamstress and the Power of Love, each embellished with a fine wood cut, are as beautiful in thought as they are chaste in language. The Power of Love is a scene laid among the Quakers in the time of the Irish Rebellion, and painted in Mrs. L. M. Child's best manner. For lovers of Eastern Tales there is The City of Peace;—for admirers of the German Mythology, there is the New Melusina from the German of Goethe. Clara and Lucy is a novellette, designed to guard against the evil influence of bad novels. Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, is a life-like sketch, with a spirited engraving.—*The Portsmouth Journal, Portsmouth, N. H.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The May number of this splendid magazine is on our table. It contains two elegant engravings and a fashion plate. We can pay no higher compliment to its literary matter than by mentioning the names of Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Kirkland, and Miss Hunter, as among the number of its contributors. In typography and execution, the Union is unequalled.—*Columbia Democrat, Chatham Four Corners, N. Y.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The May number of this ever-welcome periodical comes to us adorned in lovely and most attractive attire. Seldom have we known a monthly publication which has risen

(See third page cover.)







*Scene*

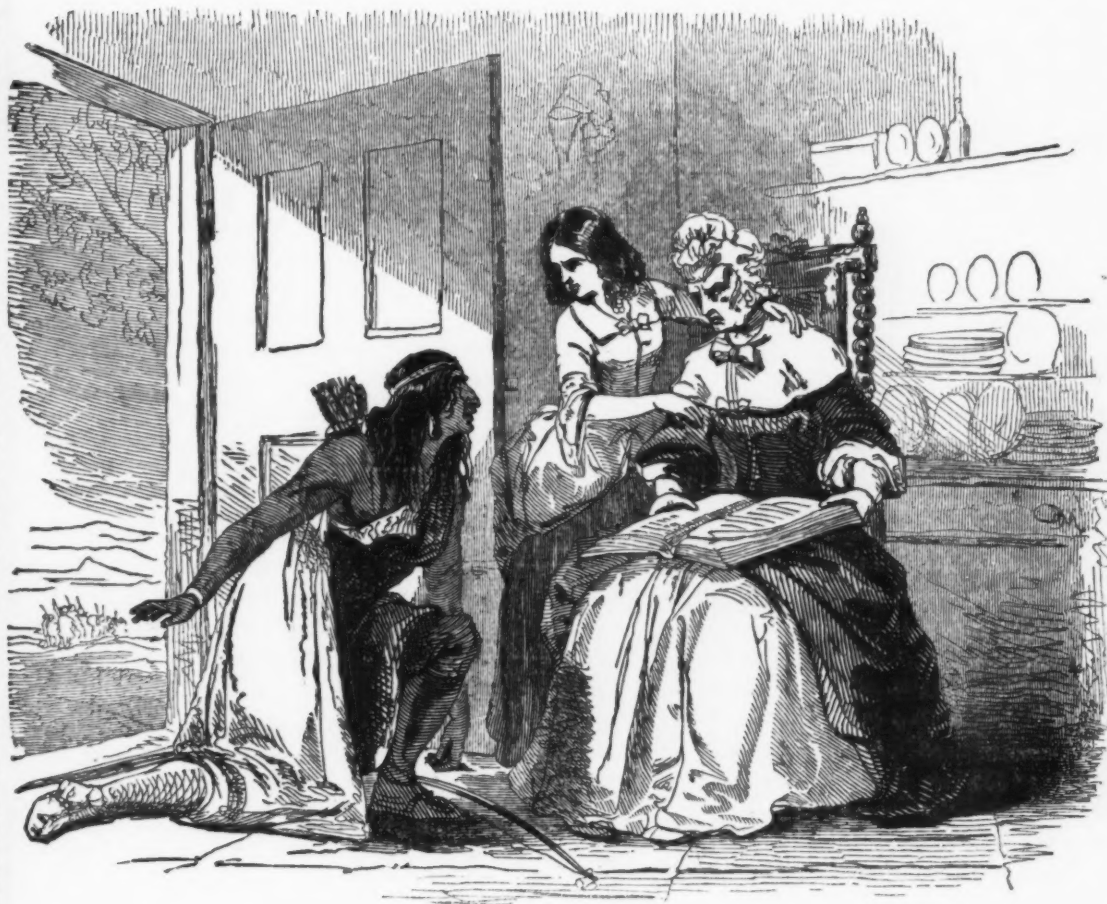






# THE UNION MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1848.



## COCHEECO.

A Tale of the early settlement of New Hampshire.

BY EMMA WHARTON.

THE inhabitants of the settlement at Cocheco lived for a few years all together, in large block houses, garrisons as they were termed, strongly built and well adapted to the purposes of protection and defence against their savage foes. But at the time our tale commences, a few of the more adventurous spirits, emboldened by the long cessation of Indian hostilities, had moved their families into log cabins of their own construction. The farthest of these huts from the garrison was built

by a Mr. Bray, an Englishman, who resided in it, with his wife and only child Ruth, a little girl of about a dozen years. He and his wife were both absent at this time, leaving the little Ruth at home with Aunt Patty Green, the nearest neighbor, who had kindly left her own cottage to stay with the child.

Little Ruth Bray had been all day as busy as a bee, and as merry as a lark. She had washed all the dishes, and set up the pewter plates in their



long, shining rows on the white dresser; she had put fresh sand on the floor, and drawn its even rows of alternate "herring bone" and "shells;" and now the labors of the day being ended, and aunt Patty having put aside her wheel and taken her knitting, which was the good old lady's highest idea of rest, she became suddenly very serious, and, stepping on a chair, she took from the rude shelf over the capacious fire-place, an old-fashioned bible, whose damaged covers showed the hard service it had seen.

What an eventful history had been that precious book's! It had first seen the light during the short reign of Edward VI., and since that time its mission had been one of consolation amid scenes of no ordinary character. It had passed through the fiery persecution of Mary Tudor, imparting strength and consolation to its possessor, under the loss of friends and fortune, and finally accompanied him to the stake, whose fagots it narrowly escaped sharing.

We next find it in the rude tent of the Covenanters, amid the noise and tumult of war, the first thing sought in the morning, the last thing consulted at night; and when in the long and rapid forced marches the wearied troops were allowed a few moment's halt, it would be eagerly taken from the knapsack, that the wearied spirit might be refreshed as well as the wearied body; and when at the termination of one of those battles which so often gave temporary success to the armies of Charles, the young officer was dragged faint and bleeding a prisoner to the royal camp, it supported him amid the jeers and taunts of the profligate soldiers; and when at length the cold sweat of death was settling on his brow, he gave it to a young cavalier, who had been won by the poor youth's patient suffering, and evidently superior birth and breeding, with a prayer that it might bless him even as it had done himself. The first impulse of the young man had been to burn it, to escape the ridicule of his comrades, but a word accidentally caught arrested his attention; the book was secreted in his tent, to be read in private, and ere long the gay, licentious courtier was transformed into the humble, zealous Christian, ready to do and suffer all things for the precious faith it taught him. And now, faithful to its trust, it had crossed the dark waters with the lonely exile, to cheer and sustain him amid the privations of his wilderness home.

An expression of deep reverence spread itself over the lively features of the beautiful child, as, spreading the Bible on her lap, Aunt Patty commenced reading the fifth chapter of Matthew. She had just read the words, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," when the sound of a hurried footstep caused her to pause: the next moment the door opened, and a young

Indian burst into the room, and throwing himself panting at her feet, exclaimed in broken English,

"For mercy's sake, hide me!"

"For what! from whom," exclaimed both at once, starting to their feet.

"From the Great Father; his big thunder spoke, and brushed all but me away, and his warriors are on my path."

"Oh, where can we hide him?" exclaimed Ruth.

"Nowhere," answered Aunt Patty, who, having a hint of Waldron's intentions, at the garri-son in the morning, guessed what had occurred, "we cannot hide him where he would not be found, and then a pretty pickle we should be in."

"He will be killed," pleaded Ruth.

"He would kill us all if he could; the plundering, burning, scalping varmint," her looks expressing all the hatred with which the early settlers regarded their savage foes.

At this instant a loud shout was heard in the distance. The Indian sprang to his feet and glanced at the door, as if disposed to attempt escape by flight, but the utter hopelessness of the case struck him, and turning to Ruth, in whose countenance he read compassion, he exclaimed,

"Mercy!"

"We must save him," persisted Ruth.

"I wish we could, the poor, miserable, hunted critter," said Aunt Patty, her naturally kind heart getting the better of her Indian antipathies, "but we should be found out, and then I guess it is but little mercy we should get."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," exclaimed Ruth, glancing at the still open volume on the floor. Aunt Patty faltered, and the little girl continued, "I will hide him, and if he is found I will bear the blame; and taking the Indian by the hand, she led him up the ladder into the loft above. In a dark corner of the garret stood a large box containing four or five bushels of shelled corn. Scooping the corn in the box as much on the sides as possible, she made the Indian lie down and spread it over him; and over all, she threw some garments which hung near. She then descended the ladder, and placing the book again in Aunt Patty's lap, this fearless child resumed her reading, as though nothing had occurred. A moment passed, and the door was burst open, and a troop of pursuers entered, exclaiming,

"Is the cursed red skin here?"

"What red skin, Morris?" said Ruth, addressing a lad of about her own age, a good deal of surprise painted on her bright face.

"The Indian who has escaped," answered the youth; we have lost his track; but Mr. Gove, who has just joined us, says he saw the top of his head through the wood, and he came here."

"I heard a noise of something running round the house, just now," said Ruth. This was strict truth,—a fox had run across the path.

"But I believe he is here," muttered the obstinate Mr. Gove.

"Mother," said Morris Green, "has he been here? have you seen anything of him?"

It was fortunate for the poor Indian that Aunt Patty's back was towards them, and that the sound of her drinking at the dresser was an excuse for her silence; she could not have spoken had worlds been at stake.

"Why, Morris," said Ruth, coming to the rescue, "what do you think we would hide an ugly, scalping Indian for?"

"I do not think you would," responded Morris, "but if you think so, Mr. Gove, you had better hunt; you may hunt up-stairs and the rest of us down."

"I will go with you," said Ruth, and together they ascended the ladder. Mr. Gove searched every nook and corner of the garret, and at last he came to the corn crib. Ruth's heart fluttered a little, and the Indian, we may presume, thought of composing his death song; but the rags lay on it so carelessly, and the corn looked so innocent, that the old man never thought of the crib's holding anything but corn, and taking up a handful of it, he remarked that "neighbor Bray had the best corn in the settlement," and rejoining his companions, they left the house to seek their victim elsewhere. That night, when the stars were bright, Ruth brought the Indian from his hiding place, and making him promise to spare the mothers and their pretty babes, she let him go, bearing in his heart two of the most imperishable things on earth, viz., an Indian's gratitude and an Indian's hate.

In order to explain the poor Indian's situation, we would say, that the government, jealous of the number of the Indians, and fearing an outbreak, had ordered Major Waldron, the head of the Cocheeco settlement, to put to death the strange Indians, who came there in large numbers. Waldron, aware of the impolicy and danger of this cruel mandate, remonstrated, but finding that he must choose between the favor of government and his conscience, Pilate-like, he chose the former; and having told the Indians, that if they would draw a cannon to a certain place, they should hear it speak, he fired it upon his unsuspecting victims as they were hauling it by a rope, and all but one perished by the discharge. How this inhuman deed was revenged upon Waldron, and the settlement twelve years after, is well known to the reader of history.

#### CHAPTER II.

TIME, who never loiters, has sped on in his career, and Ruth Bray, some ten years older than when

we last saw her, has been transformed from the merry, thoughtless child, into the reflecting woman. She is still "as busy as a bee, and as merry as a lark," caroling all day long, as blithely as the birds that warbled on the branches of the trees around the log hut.

Her parents had been dead several years, leaving her to the guardianship of Major Waldron. She resided with Aunt Patty Green, to whose care her mother confided her with her dying breath; and although Major Waldron had made many efforts to convince them that the garrison was a much safer place, they still maintained their ground at the old house.

Her mother's fate had been a wayward one. The only daughter of Lord Adair, a wealthy Scottish peer, she had grown up in an atmosphere of love, with not a wish or whim ungratified. Her first winter in London, she had been the decided belle of the season; and her father, an ambitious old man, who valued things only as they promoted his own interest and consequence, counted on a duke, at the very least, but the gentle Marion had before the close of another year, given her heart and hand to the younger son of a country squire, with no other possessions than a handsome person, a cultivated understanding, and as loving and noble a spirit as ever dwelt in a human breast. An alien from her father's house, and under the ban of his bitter curse, the gentle girl at last consented to remove to the new world. A few days before her death, she wrote a touching letter to her only brother, Lord Frederick Adair, imploring his protection for her child. This she intrusted to the care of Major Waldron, and then her suffering spirit took its flight, leaving her "wild rose," her darling Ruth alone in the world.

But though this "rose" had "bloomed" thus far only in the wilderness, we are not to suppose that she had "blushed" altogether unseen or unappreciated; on the contrary, she had already made more than one conquest, which would have excited the envy of those moving in a much more extended circle, one of whom was the only son of Major Waldron.

George Waldron, like most young men of his class, had been educated in England, among whose polished nobles he had ranked high for intelligence and refinement. After leaving the university, he had spent three years in travelling, from whence he had just returned, bringing with him his own idea of what a refined woman should be, taken from the stately models he had seen in England, tempered with a little French vivacity.

A few days after his return, he had met Ruth Bray, as she was tripping, the little plaid kerchief on her head, and the snow white pail in her hand, along the path to the spring for water. She was not in the least like the stately dames of England,



neither did she bear the slightest resemblance to the pictures his fancy had painted; yet, strange to say, she put them all to flight in an instant. He had been Aunt Patty's favorite in childhood, he now renewed the acquaintance, and before many weeks had passed, he loved Ruth Bray with as wild a worship as ever one sinful, erring child of earth paid another. But the gentle girl could only give him a sister's love, for her heart was already in possession of another. Morris Green had been her playmate in childhood, and when the noisy pastime of childhood had given place to the more quiet occupations of youth, he had been her only confidant and friend. No formal words of betrothment had passed between them, yet each felt the most perfect confidence in the other's affection and fidelity.

At a bear hunt, a few days after Waldron's arrival, he had incautiously approached so near to Bruin as to be favored with one of his hugs, which might have proved more pressing than safe, had not young Green, at the risk of his own life, put an end at once to the embrace and the bear. From that time they were close friends. To the mind of George Waldron, there was something irresistibly attractive in the frank, manly bearing of the young hunter.

A few weeks after this, Morris Green burst into the room one morning, exclaiming,

"Is he not kind and good? should I not feel grateful?"

Aunt Patty peeped over her glasses at this outbreak, and exclaimed: "Lord-a-massy! is the boy crazy?" but prompt, quick Ruth sprang up, and snatching the paper he held in his hand, and finding it a midshipman's warrant for his Majesty's frigate Cyclops, then lying at Portsmouth, with orders to join the squadron in the West Indies, the generous girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Morris, it is so nice; how grateful we should be!"

"And how hard I must try to merit Major Waldron's kindness," answered the youth; "but now, mother and Ruth, you must pack up my things quick, for I must be off."

Hand and hand he and Ruth took their way to the rustic grave yard, where slept the loved remains of her parents; and there for the first time they plighted vows of love and constancy. Their parting was as such partings usually are—long and tender; hopeful though somewhat sad. Ruth Bray watched the retreating form of her lover, as it disappeared in the forest, and then sinking on her mother's grave, she burst into a passion of tears.

"A pretty scene, upon my word," exclaimed a voice near her.

Ruth sprang to her feet, and for a moment faced the intruder, a mixture of scorn and fear depicted

on her features; but soon the latter feeling predominated, and she turned to fly. By a superficial observer, the new comer would have been considered handsome, but to one accustomed to look upon the countenance but as the interpreter of the heart, there was a wild flash in the dark, lustrous eyes, and a voluptuous expression about the beautiful mouth, which spoke a fierce, intractable spirit, and told a tale of passions too long indulged without remorse or constraint.

Edward Sinclair had been residing at Waldron's about a year; consigned, it was whispered, to the stern old Major's care by his father, as a sort of penance, and in order to correct certain little eccentricities of conduct, which the wily old peer considered as not tending greatly to the respectability of the future lord of Marsden Hall. But if he was really sent there as a penance, the young man contrived to make it as merry a penance as could well be conceived. Well-informed, frank and jovial, he soon rendered himself a favorite with all those comprising far the largest body in any society, who either did not consider character of much consequence in such a pleasant companion, or who did not take the trouble to probe very deeply to ascertain it.

Fond of hunting, he soon made friends with the Indians, with whom he would hunt for weeks at a time, even assuming, it was said, their dress and habits.

He had persecuted our heroine with his professions of love from the very first.

"Now, my pretty bird," said he, seizing her hands, "this meeting is too opportune to part so soon; what with your own shyness, the constant watch of that old hypocrite Waldron, who means to coax or force you to marry the sapient George, and the close attentions of that very sentimental youth, who has just left you, I have not the smallest chance of urging my own suit."

"Oh, that can never, never be," answered Ruth, hardly conscious of what she said, "for I already love another."

"And who is that other? a mere stripling, who will probably be shot the first skirmish; or if he survives that, being a provincial, may think himself well off, if, after years of toil, he gains a lieutenant's commission. Hear me, Ruth; your beauty would well become a higher sphere, and I know you are ambitious. If my love cannot move you, let that plead for me. At the death of my father, I shall become Lord Marsden; and at the death of my uncle, who is much his senior, his title of Marquis of Winchelsea will also revert to me. Think how different would be your position as Marchioness of Winchelsea, surrounded by wealth and splendor, than as the wife of that poor boy."

"Dear Ruth," continued he, "why will you not become my wife?"



"Because I have promised to become the wife of another; and besides," continued she, innocently, "it is said you have been very bad, and that that is the reason why you are sent here."

A deep flush passed over the young man's face for an instant, and then he became deadly pale; a short pause ensued, during which there seemed a strong mental conflict going on within him. At length he said:

"It is but too true; I love you, Ruth, and God knows I have never meant to deceive you. I have been wild, vicious, but from what cause? flattered and spoiled as the heir of two noble houses, I was early introduced into a society, whose falsehood and hypocrisy I detected through the flimsy veil which covered it. Without a single friend to guide or restrain me, is it any wonder that I soon regarded virtue but as a trap for fools, and plunged headlong into vices, which tamer natures would have started from? But it is not too late to reform. Accept me, and it is done; reject me, and trample on the first moment of penitence I have felt for years, and I become a fiend. Yours is a glorious opportunity; beware how you cast it lightly from you. It is the mission on which God's angels visit this sinful world; and He has now entrusted it to an earthly, instead of an heavenly angel."

Poor Ruth's heart died within her. She would have given worlds for the power to frame her words so as at once to soothe and influence the excited youth, who, with his pallid features buried in his hands, stood awaiting an answer to his touching appeal.

"Dear Edward," said she at length, "I can only love you as a sister, but—"

"And what do I want of a sister's love?" said he, fiercely: "I never had but one, and her falsehood and treachery have done much to make me what I am. It is enough, Ruth; you have rejected my love, and trampled on a heart you might have moulded to your will. But I am not to be slighted with impunity. You are in my power, and shall rue the hour you dared to scorn me."

As he uttered these words he sprang towards her, but the rude stone at the head of the grave, whose hold of the earth, but slight at first, had been loosened by the frosts of the preceding winter, gave way beneath the pressure of his foot, throwing him headlong to the ground, while Ruth, pale with terror, fled, and never paused until safe within the friendly shelter of the cottage.

#### CHAPTER III.

THREE days had now passed since the departure of Morris Green, and, as the vessel was to sail the first wind, our heroine supposed her lover to be

already "tossed on the ocean wave;" and she often smiled as she thought how large a portion her own fair self would engross, in the meditations of his midnight watch; when what was her surprise to see him enter the cottage covered with dust and throw himself upon a chair. Aunt Patty and Ruth crowded round him, each expressing her surprise in her own characteristic manner.

"For mercy's sake," exclaimed Ruth, "what has happened, that you are here? has not the Cyclop sailed on her voyage?"

"Hope so," was the laconic reply of the panting youth.

"Why, then, are you not in her?" demanded his mother.

"Because I did not stay in her; but why I did not, this letter which I received yesterday, will tell better than I can," handing, as he spoke, a letter to Ruth, who read as follows:

"If Morris Green really feels but half the love he professes for Ruth Bray, he will not, by leaving the country, expose her to the schemes of a crafty villain. The writer of this has heard from Waldron's own lips, that he only assisted to get rid of him, and that before the frigate will have joined the squadron, she will either by persuasion or force, be made the wife of George Waldron. If you are wise, you will act upon this warning of

"Your true but secret friend."

"At first," said Morris, "I thought this all a hoax; but in a moment, a hundred little things rushed upon my mind, and made me almost crazy. I was down at the shoals last week, and I knew that the ship would pass so near one of the islands, that a good swimmer could easily reach the shore, where there were two or three fishing schooners anchored which would bring me back. It was dark as pitch, and I slipped through one of the ports, and swam ashore. I had got the surgeon, who I believe did it with a clear conscience, to say I was sick, and they gave me leave to go below for the night; and as the ship sailed like a race-horse, they will get so far before they miss me, they will not turn back for a single man."

Much more Morris said to pacify the fears of his anxious friends, who at length set about preparing food for the half famished runaway, when the door opened, and Edward Sinclair rushed in, crying,

"Run, Morris, run! the blood-hounds are at your heels."

Morris sprang to his feet and rushed to the back door, which opened on the forest; but Sinclair pushing him back, said:

"Not here, they are coming this way;" and rushing to the other door, he attempted to open it for him, but the sound of hurried footsteps in that direction caused him to start back, muttering between his clenched teeth,

"The fiends! I thought I had baffled them."

A moment more and a party entered, and arresting our hero as a deserter, bore him off, leaving Aunt Patty wringing her hands and ejaculating, "massy sakes," her usual expression of fear, grief, surprise, and, in fact, almost all emotions, and our heroine in a fainting fit on the floor.

When Ruth Bray recovered her senses, she found Edward Sinclair bending over her, an expression of deep compassion and respect depicted on his features.

"Can you forgive me, Ruth," said he, "my folly and wickedness? you do not know how much misery it has caused me. I have not dared to see you since. Indeed, I never meant to obtrude myself on you again; but I saw Morris enter here, and shortly after met the party sent to arrest him. I tried to put them on a false scent, while I came here to warn him, thinking I could not serve you better than by saving the life of one so dear."

He then told her, that although there was little doubt that poor Morris would be condemned by a court-martial, yet, in consideration of the motive, they would certainly recommend him to his Majesty's mercy; in which case he would appeal to his father, whose influence he represented as all-powerful at court, and a pardon could be easily procured. Poor Ruth, in such affliction, is it strange she eagerly drank in his honied words, and before he left her almost regarded him as a brother?

There happened to be a frigate and sloop of war lying in Boston harbor at that time, whose officers formed a court-martial for the trial of the prisoner. The proof of desertion was positive, and the letter (poor Morris's only excuse), was of course regarded as sheer nonsense by men long past the influence of such feelings, if, indeed, they had ever felt them. The result was, he was sentenced to death, without a single hint being given of any appeal to the royal mercy.

Our heroine received this cruel blow with the silent apathy of despair. She spoke no word, shed no tear; indeed, she seemed scarcely conscious of its terrible import. At length, that morning dawned which was to consign Morris Green to a bloody grave. For the first time, Ruth Bray seemed conscious of what had occurred, and a flood of tears relieved her pent up feelings. She then, after some time spent apparently in deep thought, left the cottage and walked rapidly to the house of Major Waldron, where she found the old man writing. Suddenly throwing herself before him, she clasped his knees, and raised her imploring eyes to his face.

"My poor child," said Waldron, laying his hand on her head, "what do you wish?"

"Mercy for the condemned," was the reply.

"But, Ruth," said Major Waldron, "I have no

power to pardon; Morris Green has had a fair trial, and however much I may regret the verdict, I cannot change it."

"You can if you will," answered she bitterly. She paused a moment, and then continued, speaking rapidly, as though afraid her courage would fail:

"I know you have wished me to marry George instead of Morris Green, and now I will promise, that if you will procure a pardon for Morris, the day he is free from prison I will marry George."

Major Waldron started, as though stung by a serpent. He was influenced by a stronger motive than mere regard for Ruth or desire that his son should be united to the woman he loved, in his desire for this union; and he had assisted Morris in order to prevent his thwarting his views in that respect, although without intending the slightest further injury. To say the truth, he had been shocked at the turn affairs had taken, and had even made some efforts in behalf of poor Morris at the trial. If these efforts had not been quite as strong as they might have been, it had arisen from the consciousness that the release of Morris would prove the destruction of his hopes. But here was a prospect of easing his conscience in regard to poor Morris, and accomplishing his own designs at the same time, and after a short pause, he gave the required promise.

Fortunately for his purpose, the officers composing the court-martial had not left Portsmouth, and he easily induced them to reprieve the prisoner until a petition could be forwarded to the king in council. But in the imperfect state of navigation at that period, months must pass before an answer could be received, during which Morris Green must remain in prison, leaving the field to his two rivals, George Waldron and Edward Sinclair.

The latter spent much of his time with Ruth, talking of how much his father, to whom he had written, would do to procure a pardon, until she learned to regard him with the most friendly feelings, excepting when he urged his suit, and then all her old feelings of fear and aversion returned.

As for George Waldron, his feelings were in a state of confusion very difficult to describe. He felt that no sacrifice would be too great to obtain the release of Morris, or to secure the happiness of Ruth Bray, and he regarded the price his father had exacted for that release, as inhuman and unmanly. Again and again did he resolve to release Ruth from her cruel engagement; but when he came to fulfil his resolution, human nature would exert its power, and he could not summon fortitude to cast from him his only hope of calling her his wife. Often would he implore her to smile upon him once, if only to prove that she did not utterly hate him; but when the gentle



girl would raise her tearful eye to his face, and attempt to smile, it was so different from the cheerful, hopeful smile with which his own heart told him she would greet the object of her affections, that hope would desert him, and he would wish that he might die.

At length a vessel arrived, bringing a full pardon for the prisoner; and now Major Waldron, having fulfilled his part of the contract, required of Ruth the performance of hers. It was arranged that the marriage should not take place until the day after Morris's return. Ruth had felt that she almost wronged him, in giving herself to another, even to save his life; and she longed to hear from his own lips, that he forgave her and understood her motive.

Morris Green had been aware that a petition had been forwarded for a pardon, but he knew nothing of its terms until the morning of his release, and then he felt that it would be a mercy indeed, to send him back to his gloomy prison; but when he heard of Ruth's desire to see him, he resolved to see her once again, and then he would wander far away, he cared not where, nor for what purpose.

Under the influence of these feelings, he reached his mother's cottage, where he expected to meet Ruth, he found it deserted, and in the utmost confusion. Much surprised, he turned from the cottage to seek an explanation, when a footstep caused him to raise his head, and he stood face to face with George Waldron. A glance at the pale, agitated countenance of his rival completely disarmed him, and the extended hand was taken.

"I have been very wrong and very wicked," said George, "but I have suffered much. Yesterday, after a long and hard struggle, I resolved, that cost what it might, I would do right. I went to Ruth Bray, and with a bleeding heart, released her from her engagement; but now, alas!"—

"Where is she?" said Morris, a vague feeling of alarm crossing his mind.

"Gone! Lost! Last night Aunt Patty awoke, and found herself alone; she gave the alarm, and the people have hunted for her ever since, in vain, and I much fear she has been carried off by the Indians."

Here was a calamity much greater than any our hero had anticipated, and for a moment he felt stunned; grasping the hand of his companion, he at length said:

"We are friends—brothers; together we will go and rescue her, or share her fate."

A slight noise at this instant caused them to turn, and, standing near them, his arms folded on his breast, his keen, searching gaze rivetted on them, stood an Indian, who they both recognized as one who was often about the settlement.

"Has the pale face's council fire gone out, or

are their braves turned squaws, that the foe enters their wigwam, and steals their "Wild Rose" and no warriors start on the trail?"

"Do you know anything of Ruth Bray?" demanded both at once.

"Owando's eyes were open," answered the imperturbable savage; "he has seen the tender twig, which the light foot of the wild rose has trodden down."

"Who has stolen her; Owando?" demanded George.

"Neddo," was the laconic reply.

George fairly started; he knew that Neddo, as the Indians called Edward Sinclair, had two days previous joined a hunting party; but aware of his passion for Ruth, he supposed he had gone away to avoid being present at her nuptials.

"The false-hearted villain," exclaimed he, "I will follow him, and he shall yet feel the weight of my arm."

The Indian's brow grew black as midnight, and his whole frame writhed from the intensity of his feelings.

"No, no," exclaimed he, "no pale face touch him; Owando's tomahawk is sharp, and his rifle never misses its aim. When Owando sees him, he dies him like a dog."

"How has he injured you?" asked Morris.

The countenance of the Indian lost its fierce expression, and a look of deep sorrow passed over it, and he answered in a low voice:

"Owando had a daughter; she was fair as the spring flowers, and cheerful as the song of birds. The Yengeese came, and spake with his forked tongue; the maiden listened, and her heart changed. She has left the wigwams of her tribe to follow the stranger."

From this the young men gathered, that Edward Sinclair had been as treacherous to his red as to his white friends, and having signified to the Indian that they would follow where he led, they set off in pursuit of Ruth Bray, whose adventures we shall describe in the next chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOPING much for the morrow, from the generosity of George Waldron, but fearing much from the interference of his father, Ruth had risen early, and softly leaving the cottage, stood in the open air. A slight noise caused her to start, but before she could fly, she was seized and borne rapidly away by four Indians. They pursued their march about eight hours, bearing Ruth on a sort of rude litter, until they came to a large sheet of water, the lake Winnipiseogee, where they embarked in a canoe and rowed to an island, on which stood two or three deserted Indian huts. In one of these Ruth was left with two Indians, who soon quitted



the hut. In a moment the door opened, and Edward Sinclair, stripped of his Indian disguise, stood before her. Throwing himself at the feet of the terror-stricken girl, he besought forgiveness for his violence.

"I could not live without you, Ruth," said he; "when I found you had sold yourself to that selfish old scoundrel, I was beside myself; and having no other resource, I have stolen you from his hands; and now, dearest, you must become my wife. My father has consented that I should return home, and you must go with me."

In vain our heroine entreated, urged, remonstrated; pleading her attachment to another, and that instead of marrying the object of his dislike, she was now to be united to Morris Green.

"And do you think," exclaimed he, his eyes flashing with anger, "that I should prefer seeing you his wife? It was I who wrote that letter advising him to desert. The bait took, and I thought myself secure; for I did not dream that you would sell yourself to save him. My next attempt, by my father's aid, to prevent him from obtaining a pardon, was balked by the superior influence of Waldron; but I will be revenged yet. In the mean time, you are in my power, and from this place you never go, but as my wife."

"Then from this place I never go," exclaimed our indignant heroine.

The sound of a light footstep interrupted her words, and the next instant a young Indian girl, breathless with haste, rushed into the hut, exclaiming,

"Fly! fly! the pale faces are in pursuit."

Sinclair sprang forward as if meditating flight; but a moment's pause seemed to alter his intentions, and he said, pointing to Ruth,

"Hide her, Yarro, and I will meet them here."

A frown passed over the dark features of the young Indian as she answered,

"Yarro no hide her: pale face no hurt her."

A deep curse escaped the young man, and a fierce glance shot from his eye; but the next moment it gave place to a mild, tender expression, as he spake a few words to Yarro in her own tongue. An innocent, childish smile passed over the face of poor Yarro as she listened to his deceitful words, which were in fact no less than a promise, that if she would hide Ruth, he would perform his promise of marrying the Indian, and by joining her tribe become a great chief. Every trace of jealous hatred vanished in an instant from her features, and advancing towards Ruth, she extended her hand, and said, coaxingly,

"Pretty pale face, come with Yarro; Yarro take care of you."

In vain our heroine resisted or struggled to gain time. Yarro very coolly, but with the utmost gentleness, proceeded to bandage her mouth with Sin-

clair's handkerchief, and then, securing her hands, she drew her to a covert close to the hut, where was one of the cunning hiding places of the Indians.

Sinclair saw all this, and then taking his rifle, he advanced to meet Morris and George, who had just emerged from the forest into the clearing in front of the hut.

"What is the matter, George?"

"Edward," demanded George sternly, "do you know anything of Ruth Bray?"

"How can I know anything of her?" answered Sinclair, mildly; "you know I started off to hunt the day before you were to be married; but"—

Here the speaker paused; the bullet of Owando, who, having tarried behind to secure the canoes, had just caught sight of his foe, had started on its fatal errand, but it did not reach its destined victim. Yarro, who saw all that had passed, gave a slight scream, and throwing her arms round the neck of her beloved, shielded him from danger by receiving the ball herself.

They laid poor Yarro down on the grass, and singular indeed was the group which surrounded the dying girl. Leaning against the trunk of a tree stood Owando, the feelings of the father evidently combating the stoicism of the Indian. Edward Sinclair bent over her, grief and remorse painted on his features, while the rest of the party, including Ruth, who had contrived to unbandage herself, stood looking on in mournful silence. Yarro opened her eyes,—a smile of joy stole over her features as she met the sorrowing gaze of her betrayer, and she murmured, faintly,

"Yarro very happy, for the Great Spirit has smiled on her;" and with that happy smile still lingering on her features, the poor girl passed to the "spirit land."

There was one moment of perfect stillness; but the next, Sinclair who had never ceased to watch his foe, sprang to his feet and darted into the thicket pursued by Owando, who soon, however, returned, completely baffled. This was the last that was seen of Edward Sinclair in this country, although a rumor came two years afterwards, that he had fallen in a duel, in England, with an officer as reckless as himself.

They laid poor Yarro in a rude grave, on the island, and then with saddened but grateful hearts, took up their march for the Cocheeco settlement.

It would be superfluous to follow up our account of these circumstances by a detail of those which led to the happy union of Ruth and Morris. The passions of men, however ruthless and violent, are tamed by the teachings of Providence, and wicked resolutions are often swept away by the gradual current of events, before the hour for their accomplishment arrives. Waldron's heart, world-hardened as it was, was not proof against the tears

of Ruth, the manly affection of Morris, and the virtuous energy of George. The latter perfected his sacrifice by remaining to witness the nuptials of his friend, and then going to England, to devote himself to the ministry of religion—a vocation in which he found balm for the early wound which once threatened to destroy him. Of Ruth and her faithful Morris we need say little, if the truth and innocence of their characters have been developed as we intended, in the course of our narration. Their lives were those of peaceful happiness, and when they exchanged earth for heaven, their children rose up and called them blessed.

We had forgotten to mention, that at the wedding of our heroine, among the long row of black and copper colored faces, that of Owando was recognised, and many were the thanks he received for his generous conduct.

"Oh, I shall always feel so grateful," murmured Ruth.

"Pale face no need feel grateful at all. Pale face hide Owando; Owando save pale face; that all," returned the sententious Indian.

The story was soon told in answer to their eager inquiries.

Owando, who was ignorant of Sinclair's intimacy with Yarro, had known of his designs in regard to Ruth, although on the island at the time. As soon, however, as he saw her, he recognised her. Determined to save her, he hastened to inform her friends, as the only means in his power. Here he learned his own wrong: poor Yarro's jealous anger at her lover's desertion prompting her to tell him all. But no sooner had she heard his intentions, than repenting of her rash disclosure, she hastened to save by warning him.

The result is well known to our readers; but Ruth, as she heard the story, could not help exclaiming,

"I, then, found mercy, by the very person to whom I had shown mercy."

A few days, as Ruth was mounting her horse, to proceed to Portsmouth, for the purpose of embarking, Owando, plucking her sleeve, said:

"Be sure, in new house, where you go, you have nice large corn crib."

## BURNING OF AN INFIDEL LIBRARY.

*Suggested by an Incident in the Life of a Friend.*

BY J. CLEMENT.

YE tomes of lore, with error deeply fraught,  
Glittering with false deceiving sparks of mind,  
From hell's own burning lake your fires were caught,  
And kindled but to dazzle and to blind.

Long have I chased your phantoms, dimly seen,  
O'er skeptic wastes, all verdureless and dry,  
Where thick mirage, in fancied meadows green,  
Paints streams of bliss which cheat the longing eye.

But now forever quenched shall be your fire,  
So shall ye dazzle and deceive no more;  
With lofty joy I build your funeral pyre,  
With lofty hope resign your deadly lore.

Though doubt's dread orb on others' path still burns,  
And blindly they its meteor-fancies chase,  
A brighter orb my spirit's eye discerns,  
And truth divine allures with smiling face.

Fade, fade, ye lights, whose glimmerings lure to death!  
Your ashes e'en are painful to my sight:  
Come, SOURCE OF LIFE, and with one little breath  
Quench all within my soul but thine own light.





## THE SWALLOWS.

A Traditionary Tale.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(The story of Agnes Bernauerin, by Frederika Lohmann, is esteemed one of the most interesting among the historical traditions of Germany. It is condensed into the following tale.)

E. F. E.

### CHAPTER I.

THE crimson of sunset was fading from the battlements of Castle Vohburg, the draw-bridge was raised, and the warder had made his evening circuit. Deep silence reigned around the gloomy, antique pile, broken only by the occasional footstep of one of the guard. The tall square tower, in the pale light, had the aspect of a prison. It was evidently the most ancient part of the building, and had been designed for defence in warlike times. In its recesses were massive vaults, in which, perhaps, prisoners had once languished away life, the entrance to them being within, for no door was visible outside. On the ground-story were the kitchen and apartments of the domestics, and the entrance to a secret stairway by which one might escape in case of danger.

The high, arched windows of the castle were dark; grass grew in the court, and there was as little appearance of habitation as if the abode

had been utterly deserted. From the windows only of an upper apartment in the tower, glimmered the pale light of a lamp. A narrow winding staircase led to this apartment, into which we must introduce the reader.

It was a spacious room, furnished with a luxury and magnificence that caused one to forget the gloomy exterior. The windows, it is true, were narrow and deeply set in the massive walls; but they were curtained with heavy draperies of silk, and the walls were hung with tapestry embroidered with quaint and gorgeous devices, while the rich carpets and gold and crimson cushions, and the various articles of furniture, massive and splendid, were of a far more costly quality than was usually seen at that day, even in the dwellings of nobles. Between the windows were recesses with mirrors and drapery; there were two doors at one end of the apartment leading to separate chambers, and a small oratory, through the open door of which could be seen a picture of the Virgin with two waxen lights burning before it. The stairs leading hither from the servant's rooms below, led also upwards to the summit of the tower. The ladies who tenanted the apartment described, often ascended in the early morn-



ing, or in the cool of evening, to the battlements that commanded an extensive view over a country of forests and mountains.

The apartment we speak of was occupied at the hour of twilight by two persons. One, a lady advanced in years, tall, stately, and pale, in dark flowing robes, and wearing a cap fitting closely over her braided hair, sat by the window, her hands resting in her lap, and the work in which she had been engaged laid aside. Her companion had thrown a handkerchief over her embroidery frame, and was gazing out upon the sunset sky. The eyes of the elder lady were fixed on her face with an admiration amply justified by her extreme loveliness. Her light hair, falling in natural ringlets, shaded a cheek whose exquisite bloom needed not the reflection of the purpled clouds; and a portion, escaped from its fastening, fell like a shower of gold over her neck. Her arms, rounded and white as alabaster, were partially bare, and the light blue silken dress that swept down from the confinement of her girdle, set off the fairness of her complexion, and the symmetry of her slender form. Her beauty was of that gentle and child-like cast that grows every moment from the first glance upon the affections.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, after a few moments of silence; "how beautiful is this sunset! Just so the sky looked the first evening we came hither, and how happily has the winter passed! But I love spring and summer best. Then we can walk out in the morning, or sit on the stone seat by moonlight, and watch for the coming of my beloved. He visits us oftener too. All the winter we saw him but thrice, and then for a brief time!"

"Poor child!" sighed the old lady, "I can well believe thy heart is sometimes heavy. Youth ever loveth freedom and pleasure, and the world seems too narrow. Age is satisfied with quiet and seclusion. But love, especially in us women, will endure all things."

"I wish not to go into the world," returned Agnes, for such was the name of the younger; "Such was never my thought. It was but for my sister's sake that I went abroad, and in the midst of crowds and festivity I felt often most alone. Solitude hath noble gifts, but imparts them only to those who love her. Are we not happy here? We have our work—my lute—the sky and stars—the beautiful green landscape—our trees and flowers; and even when winter despoils us of these, we are still content, and a visit from Albrecht gives me joy for a long time. In summer, as I said, he comes oftener and stays longer, and therefore do I rejoice to see the first swallow—a messenger of love. I loved the bird when a child. One built a nest under our roof the day I was born. My mother grieved when they flew

away, and rejoiced when they came back, for every year they came to build their nest in the same place, and twittered of the wonders they had seen in their journeyings over land and sea. Their constancy I thought a lesson to human faith; and when I left my father and my old home, I had tears for the swallows, and wished they might come after me. Albrecht brought me hither; I learned to know you, dear Remigia, and it seemed that a fairy had transformed my bird into a friend and mother."

The dame Remigia von Schwalb smiled, and said: "In one thing I am like the bird—that I have found rest under your lord's hospitable roof. Evil was my lot, and that of my poor boy, till we found a friend in him; therefore will we serve him with true hearts, and never betray the trust he has reposed in us."

"Dear Remigia," cried Agnes, "I pray thee speak of him! tell me more and more: beguile the time of his absence—till the secret door opens, and my huntsman comes again. Oh! that he were here!"

"Would that he were, sweet lady," answered her companion. "Did not Lord Albrecht promise me to bring my Justus with him on his next coming? It is more than six months since I last saw the boy."

Here a maiden entered with lights, and placed a lamp on the table, while other attendants removed the embroidery frame, and gathered the threads of many colored wool. Then, in answer to the entreaty of Agnes for a legend, Remigia began:—

"In the time of the emperor Rudolph, a rich burgher of Merseburg married his only daughter to a merchant of Erfurt. The maiden was young and beautiful, and full of gay spirits. She had never seen a man whom she could love, and all her ideas of marriage were of the ring and bridal ornaments, and obedience to her father's will, and deliverance from her haughty step-mother. The bridegroom was thrice her age, and his face looked as if it had never been young, notwithstanding his costly apparel and jewels. But young Ermen-garde heeded not his lack of beauty. She danced on her wedding-day with a joyous heart, like a happy child, while her old bridegroom sat drinking with her father till the light of day began to pale the lamps, and he fell asleep over the table. When the clock struck three, the bride sighed to think it was her last day in her father's house, and called her young companions round her to bid them farewell.

"The next day the bridal procession slowly left the city. First rode Frosching, the merchant, and near him the bride's father, leading her milk-white steed between them. Behind them was a troop of friends and servants, with scarfs and gar-

lands fluttering in the morning breeze, and they were followed by a dozen soldiers, well armed.

"An evil fate had marked them; they were attacked in the narrow mountain pass by the robber-knights dwelling in the castle of Raspenberg; two of the guard were killed, the rest put to flight—the treasure seized, and many taken prisoners. The bridegroom rode away at the first assault, and escaped.

"The robbers carried their captives and spoil to their burg on the summit of the mountain. Ermengarde was shut up in a cell in the tower, having a hideous old woman for her only attendant. The men who could pay ransom were liberated. When the old burgher threatened that Frosching would find means of rescuing his bride and father, Wolfram of Raspenberg, whom the peasants called Goliath, answered tauntingly, 'Is thy son-in-law a bird? else he cannot reach this nest. So long as daws and swallows wear not armor, we are secure. Pray, then, to St. Antonius, who is the patron of beasts, that he may send a flying army to succor his bleating sheep.'

After fourteen days, gold was brought from Merseburg to ransom the burgher; but the messengers raised only his lifeless corpse. They demanded Ermengarde's release in vain. She, poor maiden, looking from her iron-barred window into the court, saw men bearing a burden slowly to the gate, and asked the old woman who brought her the evening meal, what it might be?

"They are bringing forth the corpse of the old prisoner with the long gray hair,' was the answer; 'those dungeons indeed have proved fatal to many: be thankful that your cell is above them.'

"Ermengarde heard no more: she fell to the ground in a swoon, from which she revived only to be seized with a severe illness. Meanwhile, her lot was decided;—Frosching refused to pay her ransom; the brothers Raspenberg quarrelled who should have the fair captive, and Wolfram swore that none should see her till the dispute was amicably settled.

"The tower where Ermengarde languished was no palace like this. Her cell was but a few feet wide; a rude table and bench, a couch of straw covered with a bearskin, and a small lamp hung from the gloomy ceiling, were the furniture. The hapless maiden had neither work nor amusement, save to watch the spiders weaving their web at the window, or the swallows building nests beneath the stone projections. In her melancholy solitude, it was a joy to her if the little birds glanced towards her; she fancied an expression of sympathy in their wild eyes, and having no human companionship, began to tell her sorrows to her winged friends.

"The same night, she could not tell whether it

was in a dream or not, she heard a swallow peck at the bars of her window. Starting at the light noise, she saw it fly in narrow circles round her, and perch at length on the frame of her pallet. She heard a soft twitter that seemed to speak of consolation, and then of travel over land and sea, and of far distant scenes. Every night the same vision returned, and the captive was cheered, and joy returned to her heart.

"The summer departed, the leaves began to wither, and the birds forsook the nest, twittering to each other, as if they talked of the voyage they were to take. The sweet voice that sang to Ermengarde that night seemed to say, 'I must away southward, for nature wills it so: to-morrow I bring the white silk—thou hast the gold!'

"Then weave of both with skilful hand,  
Of Love and Faith the magic band;  
The thread a breath might break—with thee  
Strong as a cable it shall be."

"Ermengarde strove to answer; but, as oft happens in dreams, could not utter a word. Her sleep was restless, and when she rose with the dawn, she wept to find the nest empty. The bird came back two hours afterward, carrying in his beak a bunch of the snowy web that in harvest covers the fields, glittering in the morning dew. Again and again he brought the web, and the maiden thought of her dream. When the bird was gone, she tried to weave the silvery threads with her golden hair. The employment was soothing to the loneliness she now felt more bitterly than ever.

"Friedrich, the landgraf of Thuringia, wearied with the complaints that reached him, of the oppression and robberies of the knights of Raspenberg, sent soldiers to take the castle. A young noble, who, with his retainers, had come to the country the same spring, offered to lead the forces. His name was Luitfried von Schwalb, and he knew all the winding passages and secret paths about the robber's castle. He undertook to plant the banner of Friedrich on its battlements.

"The bandits were surprised one morning, when the sun's first rays flamed on bright armor, and the floating standard of the invaders, and the air echoed with the battle-cry, and the sound of trumpets.

"Ermengarde could see nothing that passed without, but she heard the tumult within the burg, the alarm, and the cries of the sentinels by night, and fervently did she entreat the protection of the saints. It was at the dawn of the second day after the attack, that an entrance was effected by the knight von Schwalb and his men, through a secret way concealed by bushes. It seemed as if fate had determined to set at nought the boast of Wolfram to his gray-haired prisoner: 'So long as



the daws and swallows do not wear armor, we are in safety here."

"No sooner had the knight gained entrance than the draw-bridge was lowered, the foe rushed in, and the deadly conflict commenced. Haino, of Raspenberg fell, and his brother Wolfram, beneath the sword of the invaders. Luitfried planted his banner, and having taken possession of the burg, ascended to the tower where Ermengarde was imprisoned, for the old woman had told him she was there. With courtesy and gentleness he greeted the terrified captive, and promised her freedom and restoration to her kindred. The maiden had no words to speak her thanks, but she hung on his arm the slight band she had woven.

"The next day she was conducted to Merseburg. There she learned that her unloved husband, the merchant Frosching, was dead. She saw often the knight von Schwalb, who had saved her from captivity. What marvel that they loved each other? It seemed to the fair girl that his voice was familiar,—at least it sounded like one dear to her, yet was it different, as one might trace a resemblance between the bell on the neck of her pet lamb, and that in the dome of the cathedral. He told her of travels by land and sea, for he had seen almost all countries of the earth.

"Not many months after Frosching's death, the fair Ermengarde was led to the altar by the knight and noble Luitfried von Schwalb. The marriage was blessed with two fair sons and a daughter, and there was but one shadow on the cloudless sunshine of their happiness.

"When the trees began to scatter their withered leaves, Ermengarde dreamed of her dungeon at Raspenberg. She thought the swallow came once more, and sang: 'I must away, away to the south, for nature wills it so.' When she arose in the morning, her husband was gone. In the midst of her sorrow came sweet thoughts to her breast, which she shared with none. She longed for the spring.

"When the leaves and buds put forth again, Luitfried returned. His wife went forth to meet him joyfully, with her child in her arms.

"Where hast thou been so long?" she asked, after she had removed his armor; and the question was followed by gentle complaints.

"Von Schwalb smiled with a melancholy expression: 'Be satisfied, my trusting one,' he said, 'and seek not to share my secret. Let it suffice that I am all thy own. It is true that I must leave thee every year with the departure of the birds, and cannot return till spring; but I remain faithful to thee and my home. Constancy belongs to my race; nor could I break the band thy fingers wrought. Ask no more: for should I stay beyond my time, it were worse for thee and me.'

"Dear Remigia," interrupted Agnes, "your

tale resembles my own history. Alas! my lord and my beloved also comes but as a guest. He also has a secret which I may not share. But proceed."

"I have little more to say," said Remigia. "The legend tells, that after many years, Ermengarde prevailed, by prayers and tears, upon her knight to stay with her, and that the snows of winter fell on his grave. The line was continued in her sons, and my Justus is the last of the race. Our house was once rich and powerful, but the strife between the nobles and the people stripped of lands and wealth the lords that bore our name, with many others, and Justus and myself are now poor. As to the knight Luitfried, some thought he was not what he seemed, it was the opinion of others that his yearly journeys were in fulfilment of some secret tie or vow, and they ascribed his death to private revenge. The band he wore —"

"Lady," said an attendant who came in at that moment, "some one is entering at the gates, I heard the drawbridge lowered but now."

"Albrecht—Albrecht—my husband!" exclaimed Agnes joyfully. "It is he—dear Remigia—it is he who comes!"

#### CHAPTER II.

Six happy weeks passed. Albrecht and his young wife occupied the splendid apartments in the tower, whence they could descend to the garden. Here among the flowers they often sat, so blessed that each had nothing to wish for on the wide earth. Albrecht read all her guileless thoughts in the clear eyes of his beloved, and if he concealed aught from her, her trustful heart blamed him not. She told him of all her conversations with the dame Von Schwalb, and failed not to recount the story of Ermengarde, nor to dwell with a playful sadness on its similarity to her own. Her husband answered, that nought but imperative necessity, strong as that which exiled the bird from its home, could ever take him from her side. "But thou too shalt weave me a band of faith," he said, "and I will wear it at all times for the love of thee."

The night of separation came. Albrecht called the dame Von Schwalb, and her son, a boy of sixteen summers, to partake their last meal, for he dreaded to behold the tears of her he loved. The youthful Justus alone wept not.

"This faithful messenger," said Albrecht, "shall bring thee greeting from me, Agnes, when I am far away. Thou canst write, and a letter from thy hand will refresh me. Justus is true as gold; he shall fly between us two swift and safely as the bird he wears on his escutcheon."

"Oh! that I had wings, lady, to do your bidding," cried the noble boy, blushing as he bent his knee before her. "True will I be, true unto death! A Schwalb has never betrayed either trust or loyalty."

The hour of parting struck. When the knight had torn himself from the arms of his weeping Agnes, and quitted the castle, she ascended with Remigia to the battlements. But the night was too dark to discern the figures below; they heard but the trampling of their horses, which was soon lost in the distance.

How desolate now was the burg, and how little pleasure had its fair mistress in gazing abroad on the landscape, now that she could no longer fancy she saw the plume of her lord through the foliage that sheltered the winding path up the mountain. All her thoughts were of him—her occupations sacred to him. The pen beguiled some hours of weariness, and still more the embroidery of a belt in white silk, with a vine of gold and green, both ends of which were held in a swallow's beak. This belt she named the band of truth, and sent it to her lord by his trusty messenger, Justus.

When the youth had departed, his mother saw Agnes in a mood of dejection seated at the window, watching the clouds with tearful eyes.

"So pensive, dear lady?" she asked; "where is your wonted cheerfulness and patience? Be-think you, it is now many weeks since your husband's last visit, who knoweth how soon he may come again?"

"Brought Justus news of his coming?" asked the young wife, with looks of eager interest.

"Nay, my child, I am not so happy," answered the dame; "I wished but to offer consolation."

"Dear Remigia, has there ever been a time with you when hope, comfort, and all were gone? Thus it is with me to-day. In my solitude, sad fancies have time to grow. I have been thinking of your legend; I have thought of it often by night and day. Said you not, Luitfried's absence from his wife was caused by an earlier vow—what meant that?"

"It was rumored," answered the dame, "that a fair Greek in the isle of Cyprus had claims on his heart; but it is all a mere tradition; we may believe, if we choose, that Luitfried was really a bird."

"Jest not, dear friend," said Agnes; "my heart is heavy; I cannot escape from a terrible thought. Albrecht—the mystery about him—O heaven! it is sin to think thus!"

"It is, truly," cried Remigia; "so may God help thee, my child. Your lord lives but for you: it is honor alone that calls him away."

"His secret is known to you, then?" said the young wife; "but I seek not to discover it. Remain true to him, and I shall love you the better.

Whatever it be, with whatever danger we are threatened, I shall never mourn that I became his. Though I died for him, my lot would be a blessed one, if death purchased his happiness."

"I will tell you," she resumed after a pause, "the dream I had last night after the departure of Justus with my token to Albrecht,—the belt that brought to my mind the remembrance of your legend. I seemed to be in Augsburg, in my father's house, seeking him and my sister. All was desolate and lonely: the picture of my old aunt that hung on the wall alone seemed to notice me. At last I thought it spoke, saying: "Did I not foretell thee fortune, child, because the swallows built under the roof at thy birth? Lo! they are there still." I stepped to the door, and saw the nest in the leaves carved in stone, above the wall. As I looked, the birds flew away, fluttering anxiously in narrow circles round the nest; and I could perceive that they grieved for the parting. Glancing at the nest, I saw lying in it a shining circlet, like a head-band, and a plain ring ornamented with a single jewel. I stretched out my hands to take them, but my eyes followed the swallows: and when I awaked, it seemed as if I had but just lost my father and sister."

It was a sad pleasure to the lonely lady to talk of the scenes of her childhood. Her father belonged not to the class of the nobility, though he had wealth enough to enable her elder sister to assume, in dress and bearing, all the dignity of a lady of rank. Agnes shunned notice as much as her sister courted it, and passed her time with books, study, and feminine employments. Ludovica became the wife of a noble, and died not long afterwards in Prague. Ursula, a relative and governess, was wont to flatter the younger sister with visions of a more splendid lot. One day she informed her that a prince had seen her during the carnival, had fallen in love with her, and offered to share with her his wealth and power.

The innocent girl was naturally indignant that her relative should so far forget herself as to repeat such a proposal. "I would rather be the wife of a serf and peasant," she said, "than the favorite of a sovereign without the blessing of God and the church!" It was not long afterwards, that Albrecht, calling himself Baron von Weisenwolf, sought her love. He came from Strasburg; her father thought well of him, and his noble beauty, and captivating manners, quickly gained her young heart. They were betrothed; and in two months he returned to claim his bride.

It was the wish of the lover that the nuptials should take place in entire privacy, and the bride's father gave consent that it should be so. The party left Augsburg at night, stopped at a lonely house in the forest, where they remained a short time, and then ascended a mountain path to a



half-ruined chapel. This was lighted up and hung with garlands for the occasion, and the solemn music of an organ mingled with the chant of human voices, swept down from the choir. At the altar stood a monk, who commenced reading the service as soon as the lovers had taken their places. When it was finished, and the nuptial blessing pronounced, the bridegroom addressed the father—thanked him for the gift of his fair child, confessed that he was not what he seemed, and that a mystery was attached to him, involving no dishonor, however, which he could not then explain. It would be necessary to take away the bride from all her youthful associations; her father himself must not know her place of abode; but he should be assured, by tokens he could not doubt, from time to time, of her safety and happiness. It would not be very long, Albrecht hoped, before all might be revealed, and he could show the world her whom his heart had chosen.

They returned to the house in the forest: Agnes parted the next morning with her father, who committed her with full trust into the hands of her husband. In a few months the good old man died, and it was the deepest grief his daughter had ever known that she was not near him in the last hour. When Albrecht parted with his wife for the first time, he left with her the gentle and friendly dame von Schwalb, who had indeed proved to her a second mother.

## CHAPTER III.

The youthful baroness little thought how soon she was to lose that tender friend. Remigia was seized with illness, and the physician sent for from a convent some miles distant, gave no hope of her recovery. A messenger was sent with the news to Albrecht, and Justus summoned to receive his mother's last blessing.

Like brother and sister stood Agnes and the youth beside that deathbed; and when she saw the anguish and despair in the face of the bereaved son, Agnes vowed to be to him a sister indeed.

The remains of the dame von Schwalb were consigned to their last resting place, and not till then did Agnes feel her utter loneliness. Her lord knew nothing of what had happened, for he was absent when the messenger arrived. In a letter full of grief and love, the young wife poured out her heart, and gave the missive to her trusty bearer of despatches. Dangers unforeseen, meanwhile, were gathering round her.

Directly under the drawbridge, on the steep side of the moat, concealed from sight by elder-bushes, wild roses, and creepers, a stranger had been sitting every night, his eyes fixed on the gloomy pile of buildings before him. His watch was kept up till the dawn of morning. This man

was an old soldier and a servant of Albrecht, Breitfelden by name, one skilled in intrigue, who had resolved on the discovery of the secret his lord had taken so much pains to veil from all eyes.

Many little matters of information, gleaned from time to time, had sufficed to put him on the track, and he failed not to observe the peculiar favor in which young Schwalb was held. Justus was true hearted, but inexperienced, open, and ingenuous, and the wily old man was not long in penetrating, as he thought, the inmost feelings of his soul. Any distrust felt by the generous boy was dispelled when he saw the unlimited confidence placed by his lord in Breitfelden, who, in truth, deemed he was rendering a real service in delivering his master from what he thought an unworthy thralldom.

Every movement of Justus was watched. It was soon discovered that he went on secret journeys, and brought letters, which Albrecht read again and again. Breitfelden charged the youth with stolen visits to some fair damsel, and smiled inwardly at the confusion of his denial. "I dreamed not, in sooth," he said artfully, "that the old castle Vohburg contained a lovely inmate."

The cheek of Justus grew pale, and he averted his face.

"Vohburg!" he repeated, with feigned surprise, "I know not what you mean!"

"Oh, nothing," answered the cunning soldier; "but the sketch I saw from your hand seemed to me to resemble Vohburg, that maternal heritage of our master, with its ancient elms and oaks, its square tower, and sharp pinnacles, and I thought you had some goddess there—only a divinity—for sixteen is too young for a bridegroom. Our lord is eight-and-twenty, and only just now is his word pledged to the marriage with Anna of Brunswick."

In a few days the message came which summoned Justus to his mother's death-bed. He departed under pretence of a mandate from Albrecht, and was secretly followed by Breitfelden.

The old man was in his hiding-place by the moat. Driving clouds covered the face of heaven. He heard the castle gates open, and the tramp of a horse over the bridge, and hastened along a path among the bushes. A man started up in front to whom Breitfelden called.

"Bolko!" he said, in a low voice, "he is coming—I leave him to thee, but do him no harm, for I like the lad. He is but a carrier pigeon; take the leaf from under his wing, and let him go after a brief detention."

Bolko gave a sign of understanding. At the edge of the wood, the young and unsuspecting traveller saw a feeble old man, who seemed unable to drag along his weary limbs. To ask how he could render assistance, to dismount, and place

the seeming invalid on his horse, and to lead him to the lonely hut he called his home, was an impulse of nature with Justus. Two young lads who came out of the hut loaded him with thanks, and insisted on his partaking some refreshment, and resting a space, promising to guide him by the shepherd's path out of the forest as soon as day should dawn. The boy was overcome with watching, fatigue, and sorrow, and yielded to the hospitable request.

Before sunrise there was a knocking at the door of the hut. Bolko opened, and Breitfelden stood before him.

"Is all well?" he asked.

"Aye," was the reply; "he sleeps soundly enough, thanks to a harmless juice we mingled in his cup of wine. Here is the copy of the letter we found on him, and replaced, according to your order."

The melancholy Agnes counted the days and hours, in the hope of a message from her husband. At last, as she stood at even on the battlement, she saw three horsemen approach along the winding road that led up the mountain, and draw near the castle.

The one who rode hindmost led a milk white steed, richly caparisoned. Deep was the disappointment of the fair watcher, to see that Albrecht was not there. Nor could she discern the bright face of Justus. But as the strangers were hailed by the warder, she heard the well-known password given, "The head of the white wolf," and presently heard the draw-bridge descend, and the clatter of horses' feet across. It seemed an age, till the schloss voigt entered, and with a low obeisance, addressed her:

"Gracious lady," he said, "it is a messenger from our lord—as I may not doubt—from other tokens besides the pass word, which a wind may have borne to the ears of the faithless. These tokens I am forbidden to reveal. Yet I pray you, be guarded; and yield not too ready a belief to strangers. Follow him not hence, till convinced beyond doubt, that such is really the will of your husband."

"Bring him hither!" cried Agnes impatiently; "how canst thou doubt my lord's messenger?"

The old soldier was introduced. As he crossed the threshold, he bowed low, fixing a penetrating look on the baroness, and bending his knee slightly. "Noble lady," said he, "my lord has sent me to conduct you from this lonely abode. His message is: 'The swallow's wing is crippled; therefore he sends a raven;' and also, 'a beam of your eyes is stronger than bands of silk and gold.'"

"Hast thou no further token than words, which may have come to the ears of traitors?" asked Agnes.

"The schloss voigt knoweth," answered the stranger, "that I possess my master's confidence. I am ready, if you command, to prove the same to you."

"Nay," interrupted the schloss voigt, "if it pleases my lady, I will have all three of you detained in the castle, till I can send to my lord, and receive his commands."

"As you will," returned the soldier, coldly; "the blame be on your head. If I am not, in three days, where I am bound to be, methinks our lord will not be slow to liberate old Hans von Breitfelden."

"Breitfelden?" repeated Agnes. "That name is not unknown to me. Thou art, then, the true servant, who saved thy lord, when a boy, from great peril. I heard him tell the story; the name is engraven on my heart. I will go with thee."

"It was at the Emperor Sigismund's coronation feast," answered Breitfelden. "But will you have another token, lady? my lord thought you would know this ring, which he took from his finger and gave me to bear to you."

"I know it well," cried the young wife, pressing the token to her lips; "it is the mate to the one on my finger. When do we set out?"

Breitfelden deferred to the lady's will; she appointed the following morning, and the strangers withdrew, with the old schloss voigt, in whose eyes stood tears, as he left the apartment.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE the ducal castle in Straubingen there was joyous tumult. Thousands were assembled in front of the gates, the road to which was kept open with difficulty by the archers. From the balconies sounded the music of violin, trumpet and kettle-drum, mingled with the hum of the multitude.

Through the deserted streets, on another side, rode Breitfelden and his companions and the baroness. He attempted to effect an entrance by one of the side gates; but it was strongly guarded, and a dozen lances opposed their progress.

"None must enter before the princes have left the court," said one of the guard. "We have strict orders to admit none but the magistracy; and all the other gates are closed. You may leave your horses here, if you like, and go in by the Paulus door: you can enter across the great gallery."

The soldier assisted Agnes to dismount, and took her by the arm to lead her forward. She drew her mantle and veil closely around her. Unwillingly availing herself of the aid of her conductor, she was led through the dense crowd to the little gate, from which a narrow, winding staircase led to a wide gallery, commanding a view of the inte-



rior court of the castle. Breitfelden gave his fair companion no time to look around her, but hurried, almost dragged her on, while the tumult increased, loud huzzas rent the air, and vivats were heard amid the sound of trumpet. "Long live the noble Elector of Brandenburg! Long live Duke William of Bavaria! Long live our gracious lord, Albrecht, of Bavaria! They come—they come!" Amid these acclamations, and the flutter of banners and embroidered scarfs, the princes entered the court.

Agnes stood, with the soldier, before a large folding door leading from the gallery into the castle. It was barred, however; nor was attention paid to the repeated sound of the bell. The crowd, meanwhile, became more dense; the gallery was filled, and Breitfelden and the baroness were forced to the balustrade. All eyes were now fastened on the ducal procession. First came two noble-looking men, apparently past the prime of life, magnificently attired, and covered with jewels that glittered in the setting sun. Near them rode a third on a black steed, richly apparelled, and wearing a short velvet cloak, embroidered with pearls. His plumed cap shaded his face, while, bowing right and left, he greeted those around him with an air of cordiality.

The acclamations and vivats were renewed, but ceased as an old man of the magistracy advanced towards the princes. The younger removed the cap from his head. Agnes felt herself oppressed with a sudden giddiness, and through the silence that ensued, sounded a cry, so wild and loud, that several looked up towards the gallery. She sank back in a swoon. Breitfelden, in alarm, bore the insensible lady through the crowd again to the folding doors, at which he knocked so furiously that they were presently opened. With an execration, he passed, with his fair burden, into the castle.

When Agnes recovered consciousness, she found herself in a narrow chamber, dismal-looking, in spite of its costly decorations. Beside her stood a dwarf, holding a balsam and a cup of wine. She declined the refreshment he offered; but, starting up, gazed eagerly about her, and then poured forth a shower of questions concerning the Baron of Weissenwolf, trembling as she spoke, lest what she had seen should prove but a phantom of the imagination. The poor little attendant smiled, without reply; and the signs he made signified either that he was dumb, or dared not speak. Again he offered the wine; then placed viands on the table, drew aside the richly-fringed curtains of the couch, and, with a low obeisance, withdrew.

Agnes was left alone. She heard the bolts rattle, as the dwarf drew them; and the thought that she was a prisoner pierced her soul. The

window, which was barred, overlooked an empty court; and the shadows of evening covered all around, save the summit of the tower, which still glittered with the purple of sunset. The sounds of rejoicing, the music and shouts, heard from different parts of the castle, were painful to her. She wrung her hands; she dared not think on Albrecht; for he, whose love had once been her sole support, was now the object of cruel doubts.

As the shadows deepened, she heard a voice singing in a low tone, and as it seemed, close by her, the beginning of a hymn to the Virgin.

"Is there another window near?" asked Agnes, softly, "and canst thou hear me, who callest so earnestly on the mother of all grace?"

"I am a prisoner," answered the voice; "but who is it that speaks? Surely my solitude sends me strange visions! The voice sounds like one I have heard far away."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Agnes; "it is Justus von Schwalb! Alas, I know now my wretchedness!"

"Speak, speak, in Heaven's name!" cried the youth. "Ah, I dread to hear —"

"All thou fearest is true, boy!" answered the captive. "I have been grievously deceived—enticed from my safe solitude. A servant of my husband, who called himself Breitfelden, brought me tokens, and promised to conduct me to Albrecht: I followed him. He quoted the words of my last letter; how was that, Justus?"

"Alas, I know not; the letter is here in my bosom. I have been faithful; but if Breitfelden is false, he has doubtless obtained the secret. Let me ponder upon it, gracious lady. I will dare all to succor you; pray that I may prosper!"

"Do nothing that brings danger," began the lady; but she was interrupted by a whisper: "Hush, speak not; there are steps; leave the window; do not call me again."

Agnes threw herself exhausted on the bed. The tumult and music was still heard, blended in a confused murmur; and it continued until the prisoner wept herself into slumber.

A slight rustling at the window aroused her. She sprang up; her heart beat violently. She discerned something white fluttering by the casement.

"What is there?" she asked, trembling.

"Your swallow flies to aid you!" was the reply.

"What dost thou, Justus?" cried she, anxiously; "thou canst not reach the ground! Go back, imprudent boy! I command thee!"

"I have made a rope of my bed-clothes, and it is long enough. Fear not; if Heaven had not willed it so, my bars had not been loose! Look not after me, but pray for my success!"

At the command of Duke William, the great

hall had been illuminated for the dancers; and revelry reigned throughout the castle, in honor of the princes' visit. Splendid fire-works were exhibited in the court, bursting ever and anon with a blaze of intense light upon admiring crowds of spectators.

Among the multitude glided one who took no part in the revelry. Weary, and with hands bleeding from the roughness of the wall he had descended, Justus sat at the base of one of the columns, waiting till he could obtain a sight of his master.

At last the gray dawn began to appear in the east; the lights were extinguished; the tumult died away. The page saw Albrecht crossing the court unaccompanied by any of the nobles, and hastened after him. A few words sufficed to tell his story.

Shocked, struck as he was by the tidings, Albrecht had not a moment at his own command. He was even then on the way to mount, and ride forth at the head of his knights, to meet his father, Duke Ernest, whose coming messengers had already announced. He could only bid Justus await him in his chamber, and show himself to no one.

Some hours later, the young duke returned. He found his page sleeping, overcome with weariness, in an arm-chair. Calling a chamberlain, he summoned Breitfelden to his presence.

He had paced the apartment in suppressed agitation but a few moments, when the soldier appeared. Albrecht looked at him sternly; it was the man he had trusted so implicitly, who had now proved a traitor. He turned away, as he uttered his name, in accents of sorrow rather than anger. Breitfelden stood upright, and met unflinching his lord's reproachful look. At this moment, Justus, aroused from his slumber, rose, and surveyed his adversary with flashing eyes.

"Old man," said the duke, calmly, "thou hast betrayed me. I leaned upon thy love and truth, and found them false. Thou hast meanly crept into my secret; stolen like a thief into my house, and rifled my dearest treasure. Answer me; why hast thou done all this?"

"Even out of love and truth, my lord duke," replied Breitfelden. "Before I was your servant, I served your noble father. As I snatched you from the waters when a child, I would have saved you, though against your will, from a worse peril. Would to heaven my plan had prospered!"

"And what was thy plan?" asked Albrecht. "How knowest thou the place, or the words of her letter, which my page has in keeping? What arts didst thou use to entice her hither?"

Breitfelden confessed all he had done. "My plan," he said, "was to deliver the lady into the hands of your father; and a cloister would doubtless have been her portion. I expected Duke Er-

nest would arrive here first, instead of you and the other princes. The ring, as my lord knows, was left with master Reutling, the goldsmith, to be repaired. I demanded it in your name. I could have deceived the lady still further, had there been need; for I knew her whole history, failing not, at the first moment, to recognise the lovely daughter of Caspar Bernauerin, whom I have often seen at Augsburg. Be angry with me if you will, my lord duke. Breitfelden disobeyed you, that he might serve you and the country! Agnes Bernauerin is no fitting bride for a Duke of Bavaria! All faithful liege men grieved that you refused the alliance with Anna of Brunswick. I would have done somewhat to promote it. Send me now to prison; command my death; banish me! I will receive my doom with patience."

"Go, thou art free," said Albrecht.

"My lord," said the soldier, "if free, I should go to your father at once, and reveal all. Let them lead me to prison!"

"Thou art free!" repeated the duke; "depart." Breitfelden lingered till once more commanded to go; then he came forward quickly, seized the hand of the prince, and tremblingly raised it to his lips. "Think what you will," he faltered, "I never loved my master more truly, than in the moment when I played the spy and traitor for his good."

In the great court-yard, lists were prepared and galleries erected for a tourney. The scene was to be honored by the presence of Duke Ernest, and his brother, Duke Wilhelm. The knights were ready for the combat; the galleries crowded with fair and noble spectators; the trumpets sounded; the heralds announced the names of those who sought to win renown. Already the brave Count of Wurtemberg had been proclaimed victor in two encounters, when Albrecht appeared, mounted on his well-known black steed, to dispute the prize with him.

The marshals stepped forward and opposed his entrance upon the field, by command of Duke Ernest. No knight who lived in unlawful ties, or had contracted an unworthy marriage, was allowed to take part in the contest.

"We will open the lists to you, my lord," they said, "if you can deny the fault imputed, or will swear on your shield to amend it."

The young noble controlled the emotions that swelled in his breast with difficulty. For an instant, he measured pride and love of glory with the image of his hapless Agnes. His eyes fell on the band she had woven for him.

"I will, as you say, amend the fault," he answered haughtily. "I do repent me that I have so long kept secret my marriage, out of vain regard to the opinions of men. I here acknowledge Ag-



nes Bernauerin as my wedded wife! Ere the sun goes down, she shall be presented to the world as my duchess! And now, make way!"

None ventured longer to oppose his entrance.

The next morning the marriage was publicly solemnized, and the dignity of a Bavarian princess conferred on the wife of Duke Albrecht. She was appointed apartments in the ducal castle, with a household and suite of female attendants. This was owing to the intercession of Duke Wilhelm, the uncle of her husband.

There was no more concealment or mystery. She was honored by a whole nation, and shared her lord's rank as well as possessed his love. Yet was she happy? How often thought she of the tower at Vohburg, and the days when she waited for the visits of her beloved; when she knew not of his princely rank, nor that his life belonged to his country and his people. Now she felt less secure; and his father's anger was a perpetual weight upon her spirit. In his frequent absences she sank into hopeless melancholy. The admired princess was no longer the blooming, light-hearted Agnes, whose world of bliss was in her own imagination.

#### CHAPTER V.

TWICE had summer and winter returned and gone, marked in their course by sad events. The youngest son of Duke Wilhelm died, fading like a flower too early blown; and his brother, like him in gracious promise, seemed destined shortly to follow. The heart of Agnes had been bound up in these children; and much of her time devoted to the care of them.

It was a lovely evening, and the duchess accompanied her husband in a sail on the Danube. She failed not to perceive that some deep sorrow oppressed him; but it was not till she anxiously inquired the cause, that he announced to her the mournful intelligence of the death of Duke Wilhelm, his uncle.

"Many there are to lament him," said Albrecht, "for he was a noble prince, and a good man. To us he was friend—protector—all in all!"

Agnes could only reply by tears. The duke endeavored to console her, while he communicated tidings only less painful—of the necessity of their separation for some time. "I must attend my uncle's funeral at Munich," he said; "and the hostility of my cousin, of Ingolstadt, may detain me long."

"Albrecht," murmured the duchess, "my heart is heavy with a presentiment, that once parted, we shall never meet again! but think upon me, when abroad on the waters, on such an evening as this. See, as the sun tinges the waves with gold and crimson, how my favorites, the swallows, dip their wings, as if they stooped to their images in the

bright water. You will often see this when I am no more, and my spirit, though invisible, shall hover near."

The duke endeavored to re-assure his desponding wife. When the vessel touched the shore, they stood long, gazing with melancholy interest on the lovely scene; then he led her to the litter that awaited her.

Albrecht was absent some months in Munich. At the beginning of autumn it was necessary for him to go into Bohemia, to represent his father's person, in obedience to the imperial summons.

The time was favorable for the ripening of the schemes that had long been plotting for the destruction of the innocent duchess. Since the death of Duke Wilhelm the sword had been suspended over her head.

Without previous warning, she was arrested on the twelfth of October, by order of the Council of Straubingen, in the name of Duke Ernest, and brought before them. Standing accused of unknown crimes, to answer for her life, in the presence of cruel judges and a prejudiced people, Agnes felt for the first time, that she was indeed a princess! Her apparel was humble, for the robes suited to her rank had been removed; but the grace of her form, the touching beauty of her face, shaded by the profusion of her waving golden locks, the inborn dignity of her mien, could not be taken from her. The judges alone, the abject slaves of their sovereign's will, were cold and insensible to the aspect of innocence and virtue that hung about her like a charm.

Crowds were assembled to hear the trial, if such it might be called. The same magistrate presided whom she had seen in the castle court with her husband. It was his part to commence the proceedings.

"Agnes Bernauerin"—he began.

"Your pardon, sir," interrupted the prisoner, rising with the dignity of a queen; "I once bore that name, which I love and honor for my dear parents' sake; but to answer to it now, would be to assent to my own condemnation. I stand before you as Agnes, Duchess of Bavaria, the wife of your lawful prince."

A murmur ran through the multitude, and the doors were pressed by those who strove to force an entrance. The judges kept silence for some moments.

"Agnes Bernauerin," at length repeated the presiding judge, "thou art accused of sorcery and murder. Thou didst bewitch the prince, whom thou callest thy husband, with unhallowed arts, till he was led to forget his most sacred duty, and to espouse one far beneath his estate. From thine own words art thou condemned. This letter," and he held up a manuscript, "speaks of a magic band which thou didst weave for the duke. Thou

sayest, he cannot part from thee so long as he weareth it. Behold the writing, and deny it if thou canst."

"It is not my handwriting," answered Agnes, "but the words are mine, and I will never deny them. Hath not one among you the heart of a man, to understand the sportive words of love?"

"There is further speech," said the judge, "of thy swallow, whom thou callest thy messenger. We know well there are means, with the help of evil spirits, to bring the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, yea, the winds and the clouds, under the will of mortal man. We know that, and watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation."

"And me," cried the duchess, "who have lived years in your sight, ye load with such accusations! What shall I answer? I stand here and tremble not, though defenceless. He who should succor me is far away; but I call upon God with a pure heart. To you also I appeal, fathers of the city, to let simple truth speak for itself! Is it not known to you, that by my swallow I meant none other than the youth, Justus von Schwalb, who was the messenger between us?"

"That youth also hath thine art bewitched," said another of the Council. "He is no longer what he was; but the matter before us concerns not him. Thou art arraigned, for life and death, for the sorcery practised on Duke Albrecht, and the murder of Duke Wilhelm's sons. Ludwig is dead; Siegmund will shortly follow to the grave. Speak! by what witchcraft hast thou cut short their young life?"

The princess could only raise her eyes to Heaven, as she heard this new and fearful accusation. "Almighty Father!" she murmured, "unto whom darkness is light, and the night shineth as the day, wilt not thou declare mine innocence?"

"No, my lords," she continued, "ye yourselves cannot believe me guilty of crime so foul! Ye know I have loved these children as mine own! Ye *know* my innocence, and I demand, before these men and women of Straubingen, that ye make it clear!"

Again a murmur was heard; but it was silenced by the voice of the chief judge. "Let no one speak for the sorceress!" he cried. "Give your voices, lords of the Council; shall not our prince be set free from his thralldom to the devil? Shall not her doom be death?"

"Death, death!" repeated all the judges.

The words of doom rang through the spacious hall. It was answered by shouts and confused cries among the crowd, and the doors were pressed by those without, among whom ensued no small disturbance and tumult. Agnes stood pale and bewildered; her thoughts wandered, and it seemed

to her that a strange voice spoke, as she tremblingly said, "I demand that a messenger be sent to my husband, or to the Duke Ernest, his father."

"Lead her away!" commanded the judges.

She followed the guard quietly, refusing to allow them to touch her arm. As she passed through the crowd, her eyes fell upon Justus. He was struggling in the grasp of two soldiers.

"Resist not force, Justus," said the condemned princess, stopping for an instant. "Turn thee unto God."

"Alas, poor youth, how he gazes after her! Take him hence!" was the cry on all sides; and they were separated by the crowd.

It was a piteous sight to see that youthful and lovely lady consigned to a narrow dungeon, into which the sun's rays never penetrated. The energy that had supported her in her spirited defence seemed now departed; her soul was darkened; the aspect of death terrified her. But in the sleep of exhaustion, a glorious vision refreshed her spirit. Two childlike forms seemed to hover near her couch, called her by name, and entreated her to come with them. They wore the features of Ludwig and Siegmund.

Agnes awoke, renewed in strength of mind and body. A priest visited her, and departed, having received her confession, and administered the last rites, convinced of her innocence.

Again the prisoner was alone. The dim light that lingered in her cell was fading away, when she heard a noise at the narrow window, and her name uttered in a low tone.

"It is Justus von Schwalb," said the well-known voice. "Come nearer, gracious lady, that none may overhear."

Agnes approached the window.

"I am going," said the youth, "to bear the news to my lord. God will make me, noble lady, the instrument of your deliverance. Am I not the cause of your misfortune? Was not the letter stolen from me, from which their malice drew words to turn into poison? They would slay with the weapon of truth in the hand of falsehood!"

"Let not such thoughts trouble thee, Justus," said the duchess. "By thy mother's memory, by mine, my son, let not thy spirit be thus darkened. Wherefore art thou here?"

"I come to announce the death of prince Siegmund," answered Justus. "There is a great crowd before the council-house. They bore me to prison, but I escaped from the guard, and have but a moment to tell you I hasten to the duke. A horse is in waiting for me without the gates."

"It is too late," said Agnes, mournfully; "but I am glad to speak with thee once more. Bear my last greeting to Albrecht; say to him that my love ends not with mortal life. Let there be no vengeance! Peace and submission to his father's



will, are the last legacy of his Agnes! I have chosen a place of rest among the Carmelites; let me be buried there! Once more, Justus, let there be no vengeance; it would disturb my repose!"

"Despair not," said the youth; "the proceedings will be long, I am assured of that. I shall yet behold you free and happy!"

"Free and happy! Yes, Justus, let us hope so," said the duchess, unwilling to correct his hopeful error.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was evening; and again the beams of the setting sun tinged with gold the waters of the Danube. A procession went forth from the city; the innocent victim of superstition and civil policy was led upon the bridge, to find her death beneath the foaming waters.

She wore a long white robe, over which her golden hair floated unbound, veiling her face, pale as the sculptured marble.

A gloomy silence reigned among the multitude that thronged the place of execution. The death of Prince Siegmund seemed to them a confirmation of the justice of the sentence. Few had pity, or dared show it, for a reputed sorceress; and those who believed her innocent, dreaded being involved in her condemnation.

It is not necessary to dwell on the ceremonies of the last mournful scene. The waves received their prey; one wild cry was heard, and the bright hair that floated on the waters was pushed under them by the staff of the executioner. The river swept on as bright and clear as ever, still colored by the crimson of sunset.

As the multitude dispersed, many dared give utterance, suppressed by fear, to sympathy and a sense of injustice. The voice of after ages has spoken more loudly; and history has faithfully chronicled the innocence and the sad fate of Agnes of Bavaria.

How was it with the bereaved duke? He vowed revenge upon his sire, and his native land, and entered into a league against Duke Ernest, with his cousin, of Ingolstadt.

One longing remained with his unspeakable grief—the wish to behold the grave of his lost consort. It was not long before this wish was fulfilled.

He visited Straubingen in disguise; stood on the banks of the Danube, where she had perished, and visited the tomb that held her remains, in St. Peter's churchyard.

It was night; but the moon shone upon the tall stones, and on the old oak that was scattering leaves on the sacred grave. Albrecht bent his head to the turf, and groaned in his deep anguish. Suddenly he heard a low, soft voice say: "Let there be no vengeance. Peace and submission are the legacy of Agnes."

"Who speaks?" said the duke.

A figure emerged from the shadow of the tree. It was Justus. "The swallow," he answered, sadly; "the faithful swallow. He flies no more with the others, till summoned to an eternal spring."

"Justus!" exclaimed Albrecht, deeply moved, "my poor Justus, thou too hast loved her; and the light of reason is quenched with her death!"

"I have chosen a place of rest among the Carmelites," continued the poor youth, repeating as if involuntarily the last words of his murdered mistress. "Let me be buried there. Yet once more; let there be no vengeance! It would disturb my repose!"

Albrecht led away his former page from the melancholy spot. But he repeated, as before, the last words of the duchess, and availed himself of the first opportunity to escape, to watch again beside her grave.

The duke afterwards took him to Vohburg, where he occupied the tower chamber, and there willingly remained. But reason never returned; and he soon departed, as he said, to an eternal spring.

The last petition of his wife was sacred with Albrecht. He sought his father at Munich, and submitted to his authority; but insisted that his lost Agnes should receive funeral honors as a princess of Bavaria. The duke consented and even ordered a chapel to be built in memory of her. Her remains were suffered to repose in the place chosen by herself; but a proud monument was erected above them.

Years afterward, Duke Albrecht, in compliance with the wishes of his people, espoused Anna, of Brunswick; but his heart was buried in the grave of Agnes.

## MY GREEN MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY W. G. H.



HAIL, once again, my native hills,  
Than princely piles, more wondrous fair!  
My heart with warm emotion thrills,  
To gaze upon you there.

Ay, there ye stand to bless mine eyes;  
Ye've mocked Old Time's devouring hand;  
As erst ye tower into the skies,  
And mark my native land.

Full oft I've scaled each rocky side,  
And laid me on your tops to rest,  
Where raging winds each other chide,  
And the eagle builds his nest.

I loved to hear the thunders ring,  
And roll among your gray old heights,  
And, echoing round, an anthem sing,  
Mid lightning's flashing light.

In boyhood's days, I loved to stray,  
With heart all free from care and woe,  
Where your pure streamlets leap and play,  
And mountain flowers grow.

But thou art changed, my mountain home,  
Since I have roamed from thee apart,  
A darksome change o'er thee has come,  
To sink my aching heart.

Where now my father's humble cot,  
Within this lonely dell that rose?  
I've traced me out that cherished spot,  
But there the briar grows.

And where is he, the loved and good,  
Who poured his blessings on my head?  
I seek for him where oft he stood,  
But his noble form has fled.

Where, too, are they with me that played,  
Among those rocky mountain sides?  
On life's broad sea, their barks have strayed,  
To sport with winds and tides.

And where is she, with eyes so bright,  
With rosy cheeks and winning smiles,  
With form so fair, and step so light,  
And breast so free from guile?

Yes! thou art changed, my mountain home;  
Yet still my heart doth cling to thee,  
The spot where I was wont to roam,  
From grief and sadness free.







Designed by T.H. Matteson.

Engraved by R. Smithwood.

# THE REPOSE.



## THE RESCUE.

(See the Engraving.)

BY GEORGE W. PECK.

No one, to see my friend James Bolton and his wife, would suspect that there had ever been a particle of romance in their lives; for Bolton is a robust man, who evidently eats his dinner from other motives than a sense of duty, and his lady is not one of those who sit up nights reading French novels; she is the mother of three children, and to strangers, appears a matronly, sensible person, of excellent health and temper. But her husband and I were old college friends, and I have been in the habit of visiting them these ten years—ever since their marriage. Besides, they know that I have been through the mill, and had my heart torn out by the roots; this makes them confidential with me; they fancy it pleases me to see people happy—as it does, when I can bear it.

They look upon me as one of the family (the boys call me “uncle”), and when we are by ourselves, they appear to me no older than they were ten years ago. Ellen is the same girlish, affectionate creature, and James is the identical, funny character he was when we pitched the tutor's wood-pile down the college well. I have actually, sitting on the green plot before their house (in Chataouque county in this state), about sunset, when there was no one by but me, seen this dignified couple dance up and down the gravel walk, or play some childish game, such as chasing each other with switches, so earnestly that Ellen would get hurt and cry, and James would have to make up by kissing her—much like two overgrown babies, as I have often told them.

They do not taunt me for this, but Ellen always tries to soothe me with some cheering delusion: “O, your turn will come by-and-by,” and such like. (My turn!)

“Well, then,” I say, “and when it does I hope I shall be able to conduct myself with decorum. Dancing is very well—but you needn't be clown and hoyden; and how people at your time of life can come out here and laugh so that it may be heard half a mile, all for nothing, I confess I don't see.”

Then James affirms that their jests are more laughable than the abominable puns I made at dinner, well knowing that such is not the fact, for there is no man living who can make better puns than I, when I set myself seriously to the work.

The married lovers end usually by coming to fill up the old settee with me, Ellen invariably

contriving to sit so that the smoke of my pipe blows in her face, which she affects to dislike, but I secretly believe that the fragrance is agreeable to her. Here we sit and look off upon the lake (Lake Erie), and talk over old times, such of them as I can talk over, often till the last glow vanishes from the west, and the stars peep out overhead.

They owe their good fortune to a sad accident which occurred on this lake, and within sight of the house. My friend was going west to establish himself as a lawyer, and took passage at Buffalo in a schooner bound for Sandusky. Ellen happened to be the only other passenger. It was a warm, pleasant day in June, and as they sat upon the deck to enjoy the mild northerly breeze, they naturally fell into conversation.

James's early life had been passed upon a secluded farm; afterwards, when in college, his parents had removed with him to a village where there was a rich, vulgar family, who esteemed the “property qualification” the first element of character. As he grew up, he grew *through* this crust, and felt at his ease far above it. His title to an honorable position was unquestioned.

But this was from no particular ambition. He lived in his affections—not in a selfish pride; and these affections, ever remaining simple, and colored with the feelings of youth, he found himself growing into two natures; outside he was a man of the world—within he felt more and more every year that he was the same child as when he lived on his father's farm.

Hence no man was more misunderstood by women who had not, like him, grown out of seclusion. He began to see that if he ever did marry for love, it must be contrary to opinion; in fact, after acquiring his profession, he began to esteem himself another specimen of New England training, which omits *social* improvement, and looked forward to passing his days apart from society and its customs.

Ellen was the daughter of a farmer who lived a little this side of Erie. She had been to visit her married cousin in Buffalo, and was returning. She had only domestic education, but she had good sense, quickness, fancy, genuineness, and true affections. I wish you could have seen her, and heard her voice!

The casual intercourse of these two travellers was interrupted towards three o'clock in the after-

noon by a heavy thunder-cloud rolling up on the weather-bow. In the next half an hour, the schooner was struck by lightning, and the captain at the tiller, and his two men standing by the mainmast were instantly killed. Bolton and Ellen rushed on deck, the only living souls on board. Presently, smoke issued from the companion-way, and he ascertained that the schooner was on fire near the run. He was not able to stop it, and as there was no boat, he could only put her head to the shore, nearly half a mile distant, and drift in. But the fire gained so fast, that soon there was no

way left but to swim for it. Bolton was a strong swimmer, and gained the shore in safety, though not before his charge had become insensible. However, she soon recovered when he had carried her up the bank to a farm-house just through the woods, where, fortunately enough, it happened she was known.

He was unaware, when he lifted her over the rocks, what a precious burden hung upon his arm, but I suspect it was not many hours before he made the discovery. They were married that summer.



## TO A PENSIVE BEAUTY.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

When others laughed and gaily sung,  
Beneath the Summer's sky of blue,  
There ever o'er thy spirit hung  
A mantle of less sunny hue;  
Thy brow of snow, thine eye of jet,  
Are lingering in my memory yet.

Thy voice has ne'er that gleesome tone  
Betraying spirit light as air;  
A silvery cadence all its own  
Made pensive music everywhere;  
'Twas like the night-bird's mellow strain  
When Autumn waves her golden grain.

I frequent watch the sable fringe  
Droop o'er thine eye, as if the light  
Were glowing with too deep a tinge  
For one whose thoughts are mildly bright  
Thou seem'st a vestal set apart  
For the still worship of the heart.

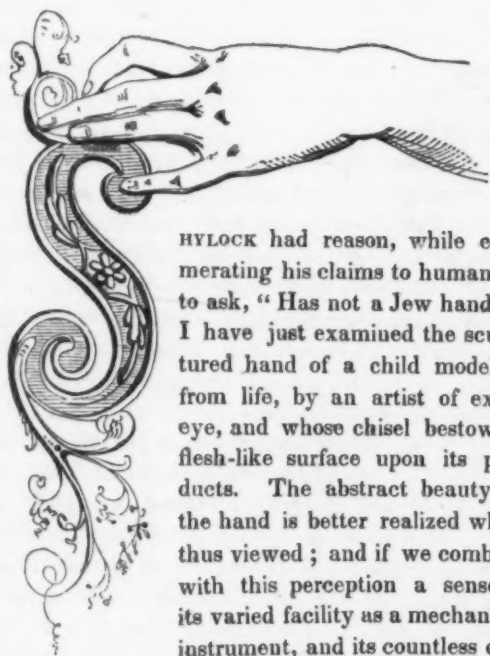


## A CHAPTER ON HANDS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Give me your hands!"

*Pericles.*



HYLOCK had reason, while enumerating his claims to humanity, to ask, "Has not a Jew hands?" I have just examined the sculptured hand of a child modelled from life, by an artist of exact eye, and whose chisel bestows a flesh-like surface upon its products. The abstract beauty of the hand is better realized when thus viewed; and if we combine with this perception a sense of its varied facility as a mechanical instrument, and its countless offices as a means of expression, we cannot but feel that it is one of the graceful mysteries which characterize human beings; and hence it is that the most pathetic line in the *Corsair*, occurs in the description of the dead *Medora*, where the poet speaks of "the cold flowers her colder hand contained."

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between men and brutes. Its complex apparatus, and the relation between its performances and the mind, are so remarkable, that familiarity alone prevents their being observed with wonder. When we consider that its motions depend upon no less than twenty-nine bones, their certainty and vigor is marvellous. As an instrument, it combines to an inconceivable degree the almost antagonist qualities of great strength and extreme delicacy, freedom of movement with nicety of action, and perfect ease with thorough control. The same machine whereby the athlete raises himself to the slack-rope, or the blacksmith wields a ponderous

sledge, is adapted to graduate the hues upon the artist's canvass, and modify sounds of the most exquisite musical instruments. The fingers, whose accurate sensation counts the pulsations of the invalid, when folded together, become a weapon, which, deftly managed, may fell a resisting Hercules; grasping a mechanic's tool they perform miracles of skill, and closed gently around the pen of genius, they act as the magnetic telegraph of the soul. The freedom of the hand's movements is ascribed to the collar-bone, which keeps the shoulders apart, and distributes muscular effort to the arm; their fineness is owing to the wrist and finger bones, and the nervous tissue, and their ease, seems to grow out of the union of all these. Power and flexibility are thus equally attained, and the result is, an instrument which, guided by intelligence, is adequate to the homeliest and most exalted offices, and has for its sphere the whole domain both of the useful and fine arts, enabling the savage to weave bark-thatch for his log-hut, and Raphael to light up an eternal smile upon the lip of maternity; the mariner, by a regulated pressure, to guide his vessels with unerring helm over the trackless waters; and the sportsman, by the lightest touch, to bring to his feet the eagle that hovers in the clouds.

But, perhaps, the most extraordinary characteristic of the hand is its intimate relation to the will. The infinite quickness and certainty with which the former obeys the faintest intimations of the latter, is a study for the metaphysician. The hand is the mind's only perfect vassal, and when, through age or illness, the connexion between them is interrupted, there are few more affecting tokens of human decay. We seldom realize the nicety as well as promptitude of the hand's obedience. It is but the difference imperceptible to the eye, between the pressure of a finger which distinguishes a merely practiced musician and the great masters of the violin and piano. A more sensitive nerve in the hand, communicating with a more glowing brain, is the proximate cause of

the vast space between mechanical imitation and artistic genius. The engravings of Morghen, the busts of Powers, Gobelin tapestry, the bouquets of Genoa and Florence, the mosaics of Rome, and the lawns of England—whatever object or product is wrought or embellished by the hand, of acknowledged superiority in its kind, owes that distinction not more to peculiar aptitude in the hand itself, than to a closer alliance between it and the will, and a more keen intelligence or a richer sympathy in the mind that prompts its action. Thus the hand becomes the representative of the individual, not only working out his casual objects, but giving embodiment to his noblest conceptions. It is this instant and complete response that induced the opinion once broached that the hand was the seat of the will.

No less than fifty muscles consent to its simplest motion. The different length of the fingers accommodates them to a variety of grasp, as the rod which stirs the alembic must be held in quite a different manner, and perform a distinct office, from the fishing-rod or the battle-axe. It has been truly said, that a hand, with reason to use it, supplies the natural defence of other animals! The muscles of the palm, which are so small and even exposed, unlike those of other parts of the body, to contact and strain, are protected accordingly; and so intimately united are the eight bones of the wrist, that they form a ball which moves at the extremity of the radius. Such are the minute and effective contrivances which sustain and direct the wonderful mechanism of the human hand.

This apparent identity between the hand and the will, is manifested by the old proverbs, "catch time by the forelock," and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Indeed, expressions indicative of tenacity or readiness, are drawn chiefly from the movements of the hand. Thus we speak of seizing occasions, and holding on to promising objects. The sailor's phrase "let go," seems to give full scope to the breeze of accident, and the tide of events, while "hands off" is the most colloquial of warnings to the tarry passer. The "sign manual" in law and courtesy has an unquestioned authority, and the raised finger of a king challenges as much obeisance as a sanctioned watchword.

The henna-stained nails of the harem are typical of oricuttalism; the thrown gauntlet of the knight was a summons to the combat, and "gyves upon the wrist," in Hood's poem of Eugene Aram, tell the whole story of his capture. "Except these bonds," said St. Paul, lifting his manacled hands before Festus; and "may my right hand forget its cunning," was Webster's adjuration, should he ever lack magnanimity. "To palm off," is the Saxon for treachery; "make a handle

of," the simple English for intrigue; and *buono mano* the Italian for a gratuity. Intention, desire, motive—all suggest themselves figuratively by epithets borrowed from the natural action of the hand; and the marriage rite hath for its almost universal symbol, encircling the finger with a little hoop of gold.

A vague sense of the intrinsic correspondence between the hand and thought, doubtless originated the idea of palmistry, and superstition hoped to discover in the varied lines of the open palm an index of character and destiny. A less fallacious test of the former has been recognized in the comparative heat or cold of the hand, as this indicates temperament, which in itself is no inadequate revolution of conduct. Thus the quick or slow unfolding of the sensitive leaf betrays the touch of the sanguine or sympathetic. "There are," says Sir Thomas Browne, "certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call mere dashes, strokes à la volée, or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I never could read of or discover in another."\*

In aristocratic portraits, the shape of the hands is remarkably elegant, and Byron was undoubtedly correct in regarding the beauty of this feature as an indication of gentle blood. It is said that long before Keats died, he was accustomed to prophecy his fate by the swollen veins of his hands, which, he said, looked like those of a man of fifty. There is an instinctive association with personal character in the disposition of the hands. Thus, the most effective likeness of Sterne represents him with the forefinger on the temple, where phrenologists locate the organ of wit. Napoleon, at St. Helena, is always depicted with folded arms, because they indicate a passive and thoughtful state; and in one of the most appropriate designs for a statue of Washington, the left hand rests on a sheathed sword, while the right points upward. The peculiar melancholy suggested by Egyptian sepulchral monuments, as well as many of the effigies on Italian tombs, arises from the utterly listless or confined position of the hands. It gives the figure the aspect of helplessness; the voluntary power seems annihilated, and a feeling instantly arises of a completed destiny and final sleep.

"His palms are folded on his breast;  
There is no other thing expressed,  
But long disquiet merged in rest."

In the grace of elocution, the dignity of rule, and the natural language of social intercourse, the hand enacts a greater part than we are apt to

\* Religio Medici.



recognise. In all those noble gestures which convey moral impressions, the extended arm and open palm are vastly expressive. In the cartoons of Raphael, and the apostolic statues of Thorwaldsen, this is finely illustrated. There is a passage in one of Southey's poems which eloquently points out the significance of such gestures :

"Toward the shore he spread his arms  
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,  
And carried to all spirits with the act  
Its affluent inspiration."

To show how justly in art and life the action of the hand is characteristic, were an endless theme. In poetry, by citing one of its movements, an entire history or picture is suggested. Scott, to express the warrior's unconquered heroism, tells us that "with dying hand he shook the fragment of his blade;" the old masters always portrayed Cleopatra "holding the viper to her snowy breast," which instantly fills the imagination with the cycle of her being—voluptuous beauty, imperious will, and impassioned death. In the museum at Naples, there is a statue of Aristides, and the manner in which his robe is gathered up in his hand, gives a complete idea of the inflexible justice of his nature.

One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce far niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burnt his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

The phenomena of touch have been less investigated than those of the other senses, from which it is altogether distinct. The nerves of touch are enclosed in spiral ridges of cuticle at the pulpy end of the fingers, and still more shielded by the nails. All familiar with the modern education of the blind, are aware to what extent the sense of touch may be cultivated, so in a measure to take the place of sight. Manipulation is almost a science by itself, the nicer processes of the artizan, refined modelling in clay, the minute sculpture of the lapidary, and those delicate surgical operations

which require the most precise guidance of an instrument among nerves and arteries, seem to justify the saying of Anaxagoras, that the superiority of man was owing to his hand.

When we consider that the nervous tissue, ramifying from the brain, spreads itself intricately through the hand where touch is located, there seems little romance in assenting to the enthusiastic interpretation of the sounds of a violin when swayed by genius, and the healing, exciting, or somniferous influence ascribed to the hand of the magnetizer. In some persons the sensitiveness of touch is so great, that to feel of certain fabrics, or come in physical contact with ungenial individuals, produces the most decided nervous revulsion. Domestic, and even wild animals, are remarkably susceptible to the human touch, and may be soothed in ferocious moods by the hand they recognize. There is, indeed, an exquisite sensibility and influence residing in the hand, which, in rare organization, may be said to constitute a world of sensation and efficiency, "caviare to the general."

In southern countries, kissing the hand is a loyal salutation. On a beautiful winter evening, I disembarked at an island in the Mediterranean in company with a lady who had been for some months absent from her home. She stood at the head of the staircase of her *palazzo*, and every servitor respectfully imprinted a kiss upon her hand. There was in their manner of so doing, a fidelity and pleasure delightful to witness. The practice is recognized in several of Shakspeare's dramas. "Why, this is he who kissed away his hand in courtesy." "You kiss your hand," says Colin to Touchstone; "that courtesy would be unclean at court, if courtiers were shepherds—they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep. The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet."

In dramatic literature especially we find constant figurative allusion to the hand, as the symbol of both will, intelligence, and character. Thus Brutus reproaches Cassius with avarice, by declaring he has "an itching palm;" and the ambitious Thane's sceptre is said to be wrenched "with an unlineal hand." Of one it is observed, that his hand was made to handle nought but gold, and of another, "to grasp a palmer's." Among the undisputed traits of beauty, seems to be a white hand. "My lady has a white hand," boasts Olivia's clown; and Brion, sending a mis-sive to his love, tells the messenger—

"And to her white hand see that thou do commend,  
This sealed up counsel."

Romeo speaks of the "white wonder of dear Juliet's hand;" and this exclamation he utters as he gazes upon her from the garden, is an instance

of Shakspeare's masterly union of the picturesque and the affecting. We see a picture—Juliet in the balcony, precisely in the attitude natural under the circumstances, and, at the same time, sympathize with the impatient devotion of her lover as he thus beholds her. Nothing can be more appropriate than the very poetical extravagance of his apostrophe:

"See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!"

But in two instances the poet of nature has given us hints of the philosophy of this subject, in so dramatic and moving a way, that the scenes live in remembrance, consecrated alike by the genius which makes vital, and the truth to nature that endears them. In the two most earnest phases of the soul—love and remorse, the hands are made to illustrate their connexion with the mind, and, for the moment, endowed with prophecy and retribution. It is poetry, indeed, but founded in truth. When that "noble and loving nature" is first put upon the rack of agonized suspicion, the sight of Desdemona for an instant disarms his fears. He exclaims: "O, hardness to dissemble!" and then gazes inquiringly upon her face, wherein he had been wont to read his own devoted love, beaming in reflected but genuine expression, in order, if possible, to peruse the heart where he had "garnered upon his hopes." The scrutiny is useless. There is the same ingenuous, tender, and womanly look; but the demon in his brain repeats Iago's fiendish insinuation, and, by an impulse the most natural, he seizes her hand—that hand by which he led her to the altar, whose lightest touch heretofore had power to thrill him with confident joy; he inspects the lines of the palm, attempts to realize afresh its sensation, to test, as it were, its magnetism, and thus doing, peer into her eyes with a mind aching for the truth.

*Othello.* How do you, Desdemona?

*Desdemona.* Well, my good lord.

*O.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

*D.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*O.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*D.* You may, indeed, say so:

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*O.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts!

This dialogue is a perfect indication of the two states of mind—unsuspecting love and perverting suspicion. The hand is spontaneously recognised as an exponent both of honor and love.

And what picture of a troubled conscience has ever been imagined equal to the night-walking scene in *Lady Macbeth*? She had been used to "lave her dainty hands" from childhood, but having once stained them with human blood, it seemed to her reproachful heart that the "damned spot" would never out. There is something irresistibly pathetic in the moaning whisper, "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." The epithet "little" applied to her hand, brings up the idea of the gentleness of her sex in contrast with the horror of her crime, in a manner singularly accordant with dramatic truth.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot!

An election was carried in Massachusetts by adopting as a rallying word the term 'hard-hand,' an unfortunate epithet which some orator of the opposition had given to the farmers and mechanics. It was immediately seized upon on the same principle that Yankee Doodle was adopted as the continental air, and by reminding the party of the derision of their enemies, worked their most spirited resistance. It is the glorious boast of the republican to cast—

"With unpurchased hand  
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."

In most countries, the oath is administered with the hand either gravely uplifted, or laid upon a sacred relic. The *claqueurs* of the Parisian theatres earn a livelihood by applause; and, to pass at once from such an unromantic matter-of-fact, to a bit of sentimental philosophy, Dante says:

Si comprende,  
Quanto in femmina, fuoco d'amor dura  
Le l'occhio o'tatto spesso nol raccende.\*

The hands are, by the very instinct of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed upon the forehead when "chaos is come again," and the soul is "perplexed in the extreme;" drawn inward to invite, thrust forth objectively to repel; the fingers point to indicate, and are snapt in disdain; the palm is laid upon the heart in invocation or subdued feeling, and on the brow of the compassionated in benediction. What is consciously held in pictures or on the stage, is emblematic to the most careless observer. Dido, with her willow-branch, tells us she is abandoned; Richard III., with his prayer-book, enacts the hypocrite; the crook in the hand reveals the shepherd, a baton the marshal, a cross the devo-

\* Purgatorius.



tee, a tome the scholar, a telescope the navigator, and so on through the whole symbolized category of human vocations, each holds fast that which is good unto him.

I was never more struck with the expressive capacity of the hands, than in witnessing the orisons of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher stood, with closed eyes, and addressed the Deity by those signs made with the fingers which constitute a language for the speechless. Around him were grouped more than an hundred mutes, following with reverend glances every motion. It was a visible but not an audible worship. A locust hummed in the branches of an adjacent elm, and the summer air stirred the leaves that hung beside the open window; otherwise, the profound silence of a quaker-meeting brooded over the assemblage. Few public acts of religious devotion ever impressed me like this. The very hearts—the still small voice in each bosom seemed communing with the Creator. It was a most affecting recognition of the fatherhood of God.

After Hamlet's mind has been solemnized by the revelations of his father's ghost, he manifests a consciousness of the new and sad responsibility which has come over his life, by a significant shaking hands with his friends, intimating by the action, with the delicate consideration of a noble soul, that he has bade farewell to ordinary sympathies, in consequence of having been called into relation with the supernatural:

Why, right, you are in the right,  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,  
You as your business and desire shall point you  
For every man hath business and desire  
Such as it is;—for my own part,  
Look,—I will go pray.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness, and its non-acceptance the most civil yet meaning of repulses.

Shaking hands is a mode of greeting, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. Individuals display character in their mode of so doing. Who cannot feel at once the antagonism between the touch of a prude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional, *passant* "giving of hands?" How perfectly does the graduated or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope! What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious, careless, fond, or earnest manner of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feeling, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand, which has given rise to those theories which profess to read the predominant impulses of character in the traits of chiromancy.

## THE BRUISED REED HE WILL NOT BREAK.

BY E. C. HURLEY.

God crushes not the vilest thing,  
That crawls beneath His holy sight,  
Nor spurns the meanest suppliant,  
That turns to find the path deem'd right.  
But all unseen, beholds the heart,  
Humbled in sin, and sunken low,  
Waits, to be gracious, longing waits,  
And yearns for such, the way to know.  
Aye, waits unwearied, tarries long,  
Sweet, blissful promises holds forth,  
And lingers with a parent's zeal;  
Urges proceed, when flesh is loth.  
Pointeth a heavenward course to those,  
Who grope in darkness and in gloom,  
To realms where pleasures never fade  
Where Sharon's rose doth ever bloom.

Then how can mortals dare presume—  
To treat with scorn e'en the most base?  
Knowing all creatures may be pure—  
If led to seek a Saviour's face.  
Wash, and be clean, the way is plain;  
Water of life is freely given;  
Redemptions fount, flows free for all,  
None penitent, are turn'd from Heaven.

Awaken'd conscience, whispers man,  
Thy fellow creatures never spurn;  
Condemn not, but read self aright,  
The hardest lesson, man can learn.

## THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

"Even now, when supremacy has been transferred from muscle to mind, has that most subtle spirit, that being of most mobile fibre, that most sensitive and apprehensive organization,—has *she*, whom God has placed, to be a 'mate and a help to man,' at the head of his creation, the foundress of nations, the embellisher of races, has she alone been left behind, at the very starting-post of civilization, while all around her progresses and improves? And is man still 'the master?' and does he, by a mis-directed self love, still perpetuate her ignorance and her dependence, when her emancipation and improvement are most wanting as the crowning element of his own happiness? If, in the progress of refinement, he has brightened instead of breaking the chain of his slave, he has only linked a more strong nucleus of evil to his own destiny, and bound up, with his noblest views of national and social development, a principle that too often thwarts the progress and enfeebles the results of his best reforms."

LADY MORGAN—'Woman and her Master.'

"I ALWAYS regret it," says a French wit, "when a woman turns author: I would much rather she had remained a woman." In the spirit indicated by this witticism, the world has generally met every attempt of woman to consider her own position and relations, and determine in what points, and to what extent, they should be changed. Let her but dare to name such themes, and Respectability eyes her with a frown, a shrug, and a shudder, which, being interpreted, implies: 'You are unsexing, unsphering yourself. You are making yourself a theme for ribald jest, and grave suspicion. Back to your dolls and mirror, your ringlets and quadrilles! The kitchen, the nursery, and (if she be of the affluent minority) the drawing-room are your domain, beyond which you wander in deadly peril. If you love your connections, or value your good name, beware!'

This warning was long effectual to silence, if not to convince. Happily, it has visibly lost something of its power. A few daring spirits have overleaped the barrier, and found that, without as within it, there are snares and pitfalls for the weak and simple, while the wise and strong walk securely whither they will. Timidly at first, and awkwardly enough to justify the ridicule of the scoffer, Woman has grasped the pen, and finds its potency as a weapon for defence or reprisal not destroyed by contact with her hand. Using it at times weakly and unworthily, she has yet employed it so often and so powerfully in the cause

of humanity, of justice, of progress, that I think few would now seriously deny that man has been instructed and the world improved by her writings. True, they yet form but a small proportion of any well-selected library; but each age witnesses, not merely a great increase of their number, but a marked improvement in their character. The names of Hemans, Martineau, Somerville, Sedgwick, Edgeworth, Norton, Landon, Sigourney, in our own day and language, form but a small part of the bright constellation of female authors which man could ill afford to see extinguished.

First to Write, then to Think, seems to be the natural order. The infant must accustom his eyes to the novelty of vision before his gaze embraces and comprehends the world. A Sappho, giving utterance to her own wild, consuming passions—a Rosa Matilda, coining into feeble and tawdry verse the mawkish sentiment of the drawing-room—a Montague, a Sevigné, a Burney, keenly observing and admirably depicting, either directly, or through the thin guise of fiction, what passes before her eyes—all these have precedence in time over the analyst, the philosopher, the fearless investigator; but these, too, are manifested in their season. At length Woman reaches and ponders the questions: 'What am I? What are my relations to others? Are these entirely just? Do they afford scope for all the good of which my nature is capable? Is the state of vassalage in which I find myself dictated by my own feebleness, my unfitness to encounter the perils and ills which would else encompass me? Is it best even for him to whom I am accounted a companion and a helper, but to whom I am oftener in fact a toy, a convenience, a slave? Should I, in choosing to be a dependent, a legal vassal, cease also to be gentle, pure, and winning—a loyal wife, and a devoted mother?' These questions have been propounded in our time—they will not consent to be annihilated by the nod of Fashion nor cower beneath the frown of Etiquette. The Pasha's dozen wives in an oriental harem may daily marvel that any reputable woman can be so immodest as to appear in public unveiled, or look on the face of any man but her lord and master—yet the world moves on.

"But what," asks some Rip Van Winkle, "are these wrongs of Woman which the Jacobins of our



day are beginning to raise such a dust about? Is she not (among the upper ten thousand of course) daintily nurtured, lightly tasked, fairly surfeited with teachers and education, profusely flattered almost from her cradle, early invited to balls and parties, (and what could suit her better than these?) in due season married and installed in a sumptuously furnished house, abundantly provided with servants, and every affluence of luxury? What more can these universal grumblers ask for her?"

Let me answer these questions in the words of one of the latest and firmest asserters of the Rights of Woman—S. Margaret Fuller:

"It may well be an anti-slavery party that pleads for Woman, if we consider merely that she does not hold property on equal terms with men; so that, if a husband dies without making a will, the wife, instead of taking at once his place as head of the family, inherits only a part of his fortune, often brought him by herself, as if she were a child or ward only, and not an equal partner.

"We will not speak of the innumerable instances in which profligate and idle men live upon the earnings of industrious wives; or, if the wives leave them, and take with them the children, to perform the double duty of mother and father, follow from place to place, and threaten to rob them of the children, if deprived of the rights of a husband, as they call them, planting themselves in their poor lodgings, frightening them into paying tribute by taking from them the children, and running into debt at the expense of these overtasked helots. Such instances count up by scores within my own memory. I have seen the husband who had stained himself by a long course of low vice, till his wife was wearied from her heroic forgiveness, by finding that his treachery made it useless, and that, if she would provide bread for herself and her children, she must be separate from his ill-fame. I have known this man come to install himself in the chamber of a woman who loathed him, and say she should never take food without his company. I have known these men steal their children, whom they knew they had no means to maintain; take them into dissolute company, expose them to bodily danger, to frighten the poor woman, to whom, it seems, the fact that she had borne the pangs of their birth, and nourished their infancy, does not give an equal right to them. I do believe that this mode of kidnapping, and it is frequent enough in all classes of society, will be viewed by the next age as it is by Heaven now, and that the man who avails himself of the shelter of men's laws, to steal from a mother her own children, or arrogate any superior right in them, save that of superior virtue, will bear the stigma he deserves, in common with him who steals grown men from their mother-land,

their hopes, and their homes. \* \* \* Men must soon see, that on their assumption that Woman is the weaker party, *she ought to have equal protection, that would make such oppression impossible.*"

Since women have begun, in spite of every impediment, to *think*, such complaints of the injustice and subjection of their lot, the narrowness of their sphere, begin to be everywhere uttered and heard. Yet more: as a thinking, pure young woman naturally revolts at the idea of being educated, dressed, and exhibited in company mainly with a view to her attractiveness in men's eyes, so does she begin to question the propriety and even delicacy of a development which looks mainly to fitting her for the director of a future husband's household, the solace of his cares, and the healthful, faithful, exemplary mother of his children. All this she should be qualified for, because a true woman, therefore fitted for whatever comes fairly within the scope of a woman's probable duties. But to be a true woman implies something more, as well as this—implies qualities which will render her useful, respected, and happy, though it should be her destiny to lead an independent life. It is not the part of a true woman to affect a natural aversion, an unconquerable antipathy to the married state. It is that which may, from infancy, be considered her probable destiny, but by no means inevitable. Affection unrequited or misplaced, the death of a loved one, a failure to recognize in any one who proffers marked attentions those qualities of mind and heart which are essential to an absorbing attachment—any or all of these may render celibacy the path of honor, peace, and happiness. Nay, in the eastern half of this Union, the mere numerical preponderance of women renders it mathematically certain that a large portion of them must live unmarried. It is the dictate of wisdom, therefore, no less than of female dignity and delicacy, that every woman should be educated for independent usefulness and happiness, as well as to discharge wisely and nobly the duties of a wife and mother. If the young women of our day are not impelled to an immodest and degrading anxiety to marry, it is because the purity of their nature overrules and subdues the base influences whereby they are surrounded. A maiden so educated that her substantial acquirements are such as to suppose the state of wedlock as their sphere of activity, and these set off by accomplishments which are plainly intended to fix the regard and win the admiration of men, is inevitably tempted to regard marriage as necessary to her future happiness, apart from any sense of deep affection for him whom she is to accept as a husband. In the plan of life which naturally unfolds itself to her half-unconscious reveries, marriage implies

emancipation from a state of social infancy—implies an assured position and enlarged opportunities. All this, so far as it tends to reconcile her to a suitor not profoundly respected and devotedly loved, is a snare—a pitfall! Every one will readily admit that, to a pure and sensitive woman, celibacy must be immeasurably preferable, not merely to an unworthy marriage, but to one in which perfect confidence and affection shall be wanting. Yet how many who will readily confess this, yet, in practice, habitually and pointedly disregard it!

Woman must be freed from this degrading bondage. She must be emancipated from the frequent necessity of choosing between a union at which her soul revolts, and a life of galling dependence on remoter relatives, or of precarious struggle for daily bread. She must be assured a wider field for exertions in productive industry and the useful arts. She must have conceded to her such a share in these pursuits that the average reward of her industry shall equal that of man's in proportion to its actual value. Now, the male teacher of a district school, in winter, is paid fully twice as much as the woman who teaches that same school quite as ably and faithfully in the season when labor meets a wider demand and a larger average reward. So in the cotton or woolen factory; so in the farming household. And until the sphere of female employment be greatly widened, so it must continue to be. If but two-fifths of the work to be done is allotted to women, while the balance is monopolized by men, and this allotment is sustained by an obdurate, unreasoning public sentiment, which brands as indelicate the woman who engages in the employments socially forbidden to her sex, then it is idle to hope that, so long as this arrangement prevails, the position of Woman can be materially improved. Industry and its reward being the only barrier for the great mass of women as well as men against starvation or pauperism, it is evident the force of competition among that half of the human family to whom but a third of the labor is assigned, must inevitably keep the mass of them ever in comparative thralldom and pauperism.

'RIGHTS OF WOMAN'—the right to vote, to be elected to office, to serve on juries, fight battles, &c., &c.—if these are calculated to aid her industrial and social emancipation, let them by all means be defined and established. The present political vassalage of Woman is defensible only on the assumption that she does not desire its termination. Whenever a majority of the women shall authentically demand an equality of political franchises with men, I see not how any sincere republican can resist their requirement. It is a fixed and fundamental principle of our system that governments derive their just powers from the consent of

the governed; and that so long as Woman shall tacitly consent and prefer to remain in a state of political non-entity, so long may that state continue without injustice. Harriet Martineau, indeed, says, in substance, "I object to this vassalage, and claim my full equal rights as an intelligent and adult human being, responsible for my acts to the laws of the land. Those laws I have never in any form assented to, yet they tax me, control me, threaten to imprison and to hang me; why should I be denied my equal voice in choosing those who are to make, alter and execute them? If other women are too weak, too ignorant, too servile to claim or enjoy these rights, how can that affect *my* claim to them?" The answer to this imports that reason, convenience dictate that the uniform action of an immense majority of a class be held conclusive as to the interests and wishes of that class. Political franchises are not intrinsically valuable—are but means to ends. What is imminently needed by Woman is, not eligibility to office nor a more direct and visible potency in law-making, unless these shall lead to enlarged opportunities, more ample and varied employment, a more liberal and just recompense for industry, and, in fine, a position of real and heartfelt independence, so long as she shall choose to preserve it. Now the portionless but refined young woman, unless she have faculty and ability for the very limited sphere of employment proffered to her sex as instructors, must choose between an early marriage and a precarious life of ill-paid, thankless servitude. This must be amended.

'Room for ladies!' says the man of the omnibus or stage-coach, and he is esteemed a sorry sort of American who will not promptly and cheerfully surrender his easy corner of the vehicle and take a seat outside, though in the face of a drenching north-easter, to afford the spinster he never saw before, and will probably never see again, the most eligible position. She will never thank nor even recognise him; but what of that? Gallantry demands of him the sacrifice of his own comfort to that of a stranger utterly indifferent to him, and he makes it without hesitation. I like this gallantry. I see in it a confused acknowledgment of ages of gross injustice—a chivalric remorse—a poetic reparation. It does not reach far, but it is very good so far as it goes. Why should it stop at the coach-door? Why not step into the fancy store, the engraver's shop, and wherever else man usurps employments which women might aptly fill, and say, 'Room *here* for ladies!' Away with you, salesmen, book-keepers, &c. to the farm, the prairie and the wilderness, to subdue and till the earth, and leave these more delicate functions to those whom you have hitherto shut out of usefulness and independence or compelled to drudge in some menial capacity for a paltry dollar a week. Room for



ladies ! Room !—Alas ! that all this should be too prosaic, too vulgar, too humdrum for the mass of readers of a ladies' magazine ! They are generally above the pressure of these grosser forms of want and obstacle which are this day crushing all that is delicate, and wearing out the hearts and lives of a great majority of the sex. They seek in these pages amusement, fancy, sentiment, flattery, fashion—not droning homilies on wrongs to be redressed, and evils to be overcome. Let me close, therefore, with an extract from Tennyson's new, delicious poem, "The Princess," in which the non-practical side of this whole subject is presented with exquisite grace and beauty :

'Blame not thyself too much' I said, 'nor blame  
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws ;  
These were the rough ways of the world till now.  
Henceforth thou hast a helper, we, that know  
The Woman's cause is Man's ; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free ;  
For she that out of Lethe scales with Man  
The shining steep of Nature, shares with Man  
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable.  
How shall men grow ? We two will save them both  
In aiding her—strip off, as in us lies,

(Our place is much) the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—  
Will leave her field to brighten and to bloom  
From all within her—make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.  
For Woman is not undeveloped Man,  
But diverse : could we make her as the Man,  
Sweet Love were slain, whose deepest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference ;  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;  
The Man be more of Woman, she of Man ;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care ;  
More as the double-natured poet each ;  
Till at the last she set herself to Man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words ;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time  
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other even as those who love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :  
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm ;  
Then springs the crowning grace of human kind.  
May these things be !'

## THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Suggested by seeing "The Pauper's Funeral, by J. W. Edmonds."

BY MRS. ELIZABETH T. HERBERT.

Ah ! little did I think, my boy,  
When we crossed the briny foam,  
To seek in other lands the bread  
We could not find at home.—

Ah ! little did I think that thou  
Would lay thee down and die,  
Just as the welcome shore was gained,  
And bread so very nigh.

Ah ! Dermot, darling—sorry aid  
Had'st thou on foreign strand :  
A grave, and coffin, had been thine  
E'en in our starving land.

Could I but lay thee 'neath the sod  
Thy infant feet first prest,  
That velvet sod with daisies wrought,  
Where sire and sister rest,—

I would not weep such lonely tears,  
For kindred had been there,

To send the coronach's low wail  
Upon the midnight air.

And from that grave my thanks should rise  
From hunger's pain intense—  
Alas ! we fled from famine's grasp,  
And met the pestilence.

Oh ! Virgin Mother ! bear my prayer  
To Him the undefiled ;  
That He would guard from fever's rage,  
My last—my only child.

Ay, gather flowers, my precious gem,  
To deck thy brother's grave ;  
Perchance thine own, ere many suns,  
Shall sink beneath the wave.

If so—this widow'd, childless heart,  
Oh, God, in mercy break ;  
Ere dark resolves, and madd'ning fears,  
To desperate acts shall wake.

## THE LOG-HOUSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE once knew a young lady who had formed an attachment to the son of a rich merchant, a young man of talents, who, being one of a very large family, had little beside the profession of law to begin with. This want of fortune in the lover being considered a serious evil, we well recollect the enthusiastic manner of a female friend, who exclaimed in an ecstasy of admiration, "Mary is so attached to Frank that she is willing to live in a house *without folding doors*!" Such romantic self-devotion, we are happy to say, met with a happier fate than sometimes rewards such sacrifices, and our young lady readers will be happy to learn, that as "Frank" got on in his professional career, not only the folding-doors, but all the other must-haves of fashionable life came in due succession; so that at this present time both our romantic heroine and her chosen, are as fashionable, common-place and worldly people as can be found in the most *recherché* quarter of the city.

How different is the country standard in these matters! When a young couple think of marrying, then the first thought is shelter—warmth—room to move about—facilities for doing *work*—or some other of the ideas primitive in human life. No question about two or five stories; no plans for additions and tea-rooms; no criticisms of paint and paper; no inquiry as to "modern improvements." Does the house leak? Is there a cellar; any convenience for baking? do the chimneys draw? is water accessible? and so on throughout the whole round of original wants. We do not say that this humble estimate of needs is for its own sake to be preferred to a more fastidious one; or that those who begin life with a consciousness of so few wants are necessarily better secured against worldliness than their more refined city "humans;" we do but notice the contrast, having had an opportunity to see it in its full force.

The log-house in which it was our fate first to look western life in the face, was a rather unusually rough one, built when the country was quite new, before a road was made, or any access be-

yond a bridle-path through the woods, or, more properly, the "openings." Its dimensions were twenty-four feet by eighteen—no great area, but not encroached upon by the chimney, which was carried up outside, after the fashion of what children call a jackstraw house, i. e., with sticks laid in a square, crossing at the corners. The portion of the wall against which leaned this very primitive-looking outlet for the smoke, was composed of a great slab of rough stone; otherwise, all around was wood—a boundless provision for roast pig after Charles Lamb's fashion. The clay with which the stick chimney was lined, fell off, day by day, so that its catching fire in spots was almost a daily occurrence, and continual watchfulness was required, especially in the evening, since a midnight bonfire in the woods is no very uncommon accident. The hearth which belonged to this chimney was quite in keeping; for it was made of rough fragments, split off the boulders, which are the only stone to be found in that part of the country; and laid with such indifference to level, that some points were from four to six inches higher than their neighbors. No mantelpiece surmounted this savage fire-place; but a crotched post on one side supported a wooden crane, which swung far enough above the fire not to catch, unless the blaze was more aspiring than ordinary.

On one side of the fire-place was a ladder, leading to the loft above; on the other, a few rough shelves, on which to arrange the household apparatus—so few, that all our previous notions of the incapacity of a log-house had not taught us to reduce our stock low enough. An additional closet, outside the house, proved to be one of the first requisites for a new home; and besides this, a centre-table, which had once done drawing-room duty, was put in requisition as a cupboard, a table-cloth to keep out dust being the substitute for a door.

If the arrangements to be made within this small space of twenty-four by eighteen had been only those of kitchen and dining-room, the neces-



sities of back-woods life would have reconciled one to the narrowness of the quarters ; but when bed-chamber and nursery were to be crowded into the same area, the packing became almost as difficult as the feat of putting a bushel of lime, a bushel of sand, and eight gallons of water into one and the same bushel measure together, which we had heard of, but never believed until we made our log-house arrangements. However, by the aid of some heavy curtains—a partition, which seemed almost all that one could wish, by contrast with the cotton sheets which were in general use for that purpose through the country, at that time—we contrived to make two bed-rooms, each about as large as a steamboat state-room. The loft above afforded floor room for beds, but was not high enough to allow one to stand upright, except in the very centre, under the ridge of the roof.

The floors in this unsophisticated dwelling were of a corresponding simplicity. Heavy oak plank, aid down without nails or fastening of any kind, somewhat warped, and not very closely packed, afforded a footing by no means agreeable, or even secure. To trip in crossing the room, even at a sedate pace, was nothing uncommon ; and the children were continually complaining of the disappearance of their playthings, which slid through the cracks to regions unexplored.

About the middle of the floor was a trap-door, composed of three loose pieces of board, which had to be taken up separately when one would descend into the "cellar." This so-called cellar was a hole dug in the earth, without wall, floor or window ; and the only mode of access to it was by the said trap-door, without steps of any kind. The stout damsels who sometimes did us the favor to perform certain domestic offices for our benefit, used to place a hand on each side the trap, and let themselves down with an adventurous swing, returning to the upper air by an exertion of the arms which would be severe for many a man unaccustomed to muscular effort. Such a door as this was of course literally a trap ; for as it was necessarily left open while any one was below, stepping down into it unawares was by no means an infrequent accident. So that if there was no Radcliffian mystery about it, there was at least the exciting chance of a broken limb.

This same loose floor, and the open spaces beneath it, had another interesting chance attending it. Strange little noises like whispers, and occasional movements during the stillness of night, told that we were not the only settlers under the roof ; and one fine spring morning, when the sun shone warm and the eaves were trickling with the thaw of a light snow, a beautiful rattlesnake

glided out from below the house, and set off for the pond at a very dignified pace. His plans were partially frustrated ; for about a foot or so of his tail was cut off before he had proceeded far ; but his head took the hint, and inspired the body with such unwonted activity, that we could never ascertain whether he died of mortification or not. Such tenants as this were not to be desired, and we made a thorough search after the family, but they had not waited a writ of ejectionment.

Toads, too, were among our social inmates. They are fond of hopping in, in a neighborly way, during the twilight, and will sit staring and winking at you as if they were tipsy. If you drive them out, they never take offence, but come again very soon, seeming as good-natured as ever. They are very well if you do not tread on them.

The walls of a log-house are of course very rough and uneven ; for the logs are laid up unhewn, as probably most of our city readers have observed in pictures. The deep indentations are partially filled with strips of wood, and then plastered with wet clay, which falls off continually, and requires partial renewing every autumn. This clay, in its dry state, gives off incessantly an impalpable dust, which covers and pervades everything ; so that the office of housemaid is no sinecure. In addition to this annoyance, the beams not being plastered, soon become worm-eaten, and the worms are not like snails, that stay forever at home—but we will not pursue the subject. Suffice it to say, it is inconvenient to have anybody walking about aloft while you sit at dinner.

The inequalities of the walls afford harbor to some other things not of the very pleasantest odor. Not to mention minor matters, one of our neighbors was once sitting at her work, when she heard a soft sound which seemed to come from a point above her head. Looking up, she perceived, lying along a ridge in the logs, a specimen of the snake called "blowers" by the natives—a poisonous creature, which is said to have the power of blowing its venom to some distance. But visitants like these are fortunately rare.

We might be more minute in our description of the real primitive log-house ; but enough has been said to make it matter of some remark that people who have been accustomed to civilized life, and its comforts, should ever become attached to so inconvenient a dwelling. Yet there is an inexplicable charm about a wild life ; a sense of novelty and freedom ; an exercise of ingenuity, invention and self-denial, which all those who live at the West long enough catch from the more natural settlers. The very idea is inspiring ; and makes one almost long to try it again.



## THE DYING MAIDEN.

BY THE HAPPY MINSTREL.

"Oh fain would I," said a feeble voice—  
 "Ere yet mine earthly course is run,—  
 Fain would I for the last time gaze  
 Upon the gorgeous setting sun."

We raised her light and fragile form,  
 And on the fairy landscape wild  
 The maiden fondly gazed and long,  
 With tearful eye, yet sweetly smiled.

And when the glowing orb of day  
 Descended in the crimson west,  
 She too upon her snowy couch  
 Sank down in loveliness to rest.

Slow rolled the long, long hours away—  
 Night's dark and dreary reign was o'er—  
 All nature woke to life and joy,  
 But the fair sleeper woke no more.

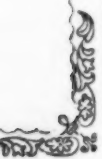
With aching hearts we laid her down  
 In quiet stillness to repose;  
 Above her slowly, gently waves  
 The drooping willow, and the rose.

She slumbers where the crystal stream  
 As its pure waters onward flow,  
 May pour for her a requiem,  
 In plaintive murmurs, soft and low.

We reared no costly monument  
 Where *flowers* should ever-smiling bloom,  
 Nor doth the dewy firmament  
*Alone* weep o'er the loved one's tomb.

When Nature wears her robes of green—  
 Oft as return the rolling years,  
 A youthful form at eve is seen  
 Her grave bedewing with his tears.







Painted by T. H. Matteson.

Eng<sup>d</sup> by H. S. Sadd

Printed by Niles & Paine

THE END OF THE WORLD









## THE GUIDE.

(See Engraving.)

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"It will be a fearful night," exclaimed Mrs. Hoffman, as she looked forth from her cottage casement upon the wintry scene without,—“the snow is deeper now than I ever knew it to be so early in the season; and from the appearance of the sky, I do really believe that we shall have another storm ere the dawn of to-morrow morning.” And for some moments she stood by the window watching the threatening clouds, when suddenly her attention was attracted by a dark object upon the road before her. Nearer and nearer it approached—it had reached the half-way stone—and then, through the gathering darkness, Mrs. Hoffman distinguished the forms of two travellers—an old man and a little girl who might have seen her thirteenth year. They came forward with slow and languid steps, though the bitter searching wind whistled hoarsely around them. The old man's arm was cast about the neck of his young companion, and he leaned heavily upon her, while in his other hand he grasped a staff, which had doubtless been his chief support till his fingers grew so numb with cold that they were hardly able to retain it. The child seemed urging him onward, and it was evidently with great difficulty that he obeyed her entreaties. Nearer and nearer they came—and just as they reached Mrs. Hoffman's gate, the good lady herself came hurrying through the doorway, her sympathies completely enlisted in behalf of the wanderers, to invite them to rest awhile in her cottage.

A momentary smile flitted across the sad yet lovely countenance of the little girl as she expressed her thanks for this unlooked-for kindness. She said that the old man, her grandfather, was blind; that they had travelled many miles that day, and that he now felt very weary and faint—and she asked if they might not be allowed a place of repose for the night at the cottage. Mrs. Hoffman gazed into the thin, pale face of the old man, and marked his faltering gait, as, still supported by his little guide, they entered her dwelling, and she felt that it would be cruel to deny the petition.

In a few seconds more, the strangers were stationed at her comfortable fireside—and she had left them for the purpose of going into an adjoining room to provide some refreshment, when a shriek from the little girl brought her quickly back to the

apartment she had just quitted. The old man had fallen from the easy chair where his grandchild had seated him, and was now lying upon the floor senseless. The girl was bending over him with looks of the most poignant anguish, and hastening to her assistance, Mrs. Hoffman immediately administered the requisite restoratives, while at the same time she strove to console the mourning child with the information that her grandfather had merely swooned, and was not dead, as she seemed to suppose. Her efforts to re-animate him were at length rewarded. He unclosed his eyes for a moment, but soon sank into a sort of stupor. Summoning from the kitchen her servant, Hannah, who looked enough amazed at the strange scene before her, Mrs. Hoffman desired her aid in supporting the old man to the nearest couch. Hannah was next requested to order one of the men to go for the physician, and the little girl, who had been greatly alarmed at her grandfather's insensibility to her pleadings—that he would speak one word—just one word to her—was somewhat comforted by her kind hostess' assurance, that the object of her solicitude should have every attention bestowed upon him, and that she had no doubt but he would soon be well enough to converse. But when the doctor came, he delivered a different opinion. His patient, he declared, was in a dangerous condition: the fatigue he had undergone having utterly exhausted his feeble energies, and it was doubtful whether he would last many hours longer.

During the remainder of the day, and for the whole of that night, Mrs. Hoffman watched by the bedside of the suffering stranger. The child, who had heard her grandsire's doom pronounced by the physician, refused to go to rest, but sat near his couch, clasping his wan hand, and at times weeping convulsively. Meantime, she had given a brief sketch of her former history. She was born in a pleasant village in England, she said, and her name was Annie Lisle. Her father, who had lived in America for several years, had about three months previously written for his child and his aged parent, to come and share his home, telling them that bright prospects had at last dawned upon him, and that he could now support them both in ease and comfort. Obedient to this

summons, they journeyed to America—but as they landed upon the shores of the New World, they were met by the intelligence, that he for whose sake they had crossed the wide Atlantic, was no more! He had perished of a malignant fever but a few days before their arrival, and their informant said that he died impoverished, a sudden misfortune having blighted the sunny hopes he had cherished.

The unexpected news of his son's death gave so severe a shock to the parent, who had thought very soon to clasp him once more in his arms, that for weeks afterward it was believed that each day would be his last. And when at length he grew better, he had become totally blind!

In the meantime, the little money he had possessed was exhausted; and when the old man was able to leave the roof that through pity had been allowed him till his recovery, he went forth with his fair young grandchild as a homeless wanderer. Annie said that her grandfather had changed greatly since his illness. He was always gentle and loving to her, but he did not talk as he used to do. His ideas of places and things seemed confused; he often said that he wished to get back to his old home in England, and appeared to think that by roving from village to village, he would arrive at last at the scene of his early days. Alas! he had forgotten that the blue ocean rolled between his childhood's home and the land he trod. But Annie remembered it, though she humored his fancy; and they subsisted daily upon charity—while as day after day the old man wended his way onward, guided by the hand of his patient and affectionate grandchild, his heart was buoyed up with the hope that each step drew him closer to his home. To his home! Yes—and as he now once more lay upon the bed of sickness, he was nearer

the wished-for goal than he had ever been before. But it was not Annie's hand that should lead him to that blissful haven;—*angel-guides* were now hovering around his couch, anxiously awaiting the moment when his spirit should leave its tenement of clay, and they should bear it in triumph to the eternal mansion of the Heavenly Father.

The thought of being left alone and friendless in a strange land, was a terrible one to little Annie. And as she lamented the approaching dissolution of her aged relative, obeying the impulses of her heart, Mrs. Hoffman cast her arms about the sobbing child, and drawing her softly towards her, assured her that while she lived she would never forsake her. "I too, have been very lonely, Annie," she said, "for in the quiet grave-yard now rest the forms of those who once gladdened my hearth. But henceforth you shall supply their place, and I will be a mother to you until the hour when I am called to join the loved and lost in the fair clime to which your grandparent is now hastening."

The prediction of the physician was verified. When the light of the succeeding morning shone through that chamber window, it beamed upon the face of the dead! The way-worn wanderer had indeed gone home!

From the day of the grandfather's peaceful departure, Mrs. Hoffman took Annie to her heart, and watched over her with truly maternal tenderness. And often, during the years that followed, did her spirit rejoice in the ardent attachment of the grateful orphan; and as she listened to the sweet soft voice that now sent its music through her once desolate cottage, she ever inwardly blessed the hour that brought to her door the weary old man and his little guide.

## SONNET.

BY J. H. BIXBY.

HOPE! thou hast whispered fancies bright to me,  
Told me of years of health and happiness;  
My means and station such as all around should bless—  
With wealth and power to do—with will to be  
Worthy of trust and love. That I should see  
Fame stooping from her flight to my caress—  
Should honor win by deeds that show no less  
In humble than in great. Though charging thee  
With such deceit, yet will I still believe  
Not these mad fancies, but that I may live  
Contentedly to suffer still my share  
Of what has been, and must be mine to bear.  
Hope not for greatness or the world to move,  
But do the little deeds our Father will approve.

Հանձարեղ շնորհալիդ ընտրեալ է ,  
 Յարքայից հրգօրաց զարմէ է .  
 Մեզ պարգև 'ի տանէն | ատինէ .  
 Հրեշտակ հրաշագեղ հռիփսիմէ :  
 Ռահահորդ ուղեոր երկնրն թաց ,  
 () ըինաց երկնայնոյն խորագգաց ,  
 Ուրացեալ զանձն և զփառս հայրենեաց ,  
 Սիրանունդ Սիրամարդ սիրալի ,  
 Երբախայլ ոսկէ թել տարփալի ,  
 Եւ ապսակ իւղագլուխ ցանկալի .  
 Իսկաճեմ Բղանի օղապար ,  
 Եոր 'կոյեան տապանն է քոյդ դադար .  
 () ձասպան Բրագիւ դու արդար .  
 Ի գունեղ թաթաւեալ 'ի բոսոր ,  
 Սաղարթուն կամրորակ իբր խնձոր ,  
 Հարսն ազնիւ դու արեամբ քօղաւոր .

ՆԵ ՐՍԻՍ ԿԼԱՅԵՑԻ :

# A L I T A N Y .

From the Armenian of Nerses Clajensis.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONS DALE.

Ripsima ! Angel of exceeding beauty, knowledge and grace,  
 Thou art chosen from the kindred of powerful kings,  
 Thou art given to us a present from the Latin race.

Thou Pilgrim travelling on the road to heaven,  
 Understanding well the laws of thy being,  
 And denying thyself the glories of the native land.

Loveliest Peacock—nursed affectionately—charming  
 And delicate with thy enchanting threads of gold—  
 And anointed with thy triple crown—

Thou dove hovering in the air—thy dwelling  
 Is the Ark of the New Noah—thou righteous stock  
 Who has destroyed the serpent of our sins.

Thy plumage hath been dyed with crimson dye,  
 Thou art covered with leaves like the blushing apple,  
 Thou radiant Bride, veiled with thy blood.



## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT OF A YOUNG MAN'S SOUL.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

WHEN young Archibald Dean went from the city—(living out of which he had so often said was no living at all)—went down into the country to take charge of a little district school, he felt as though the last float-plank which buoyed him up on hope and happiness, was sinking, and he with it. But poverty is as stern, if not as sure, as death and taxes, which Franklin called the surest things of the modern age. And poverty compelled Archie Dean; for when the destructive New-York fire of '35 happened, ruining so many property owners and erewhile rich merchants, it ruined the insurance offices, which of course ruined those whose little wealth had been invested in their stock. Among hundreds and thousands of other hapless people, the aged, the husbandless, the orphan, and the invalid, the widow Dean lost every dollar on which she depended for subsistence in her waning life. It was not a very great deal; still it had yielded, and was supposed likely to yield, an income large enough for her support, and the bringing up of her two boys. But, when the first shock passed over, the cheerful-souled woman dashed aside, as much as she could, all gloomy thoughts, and determined to stem the waters of roaring fortune yet. What troubled her much, perhaps most, was the way of her son Archibald. "Unstable as water," even his youth was not a sufficient excuse for his want of energy and resolution; and she experienced many sad moments, in her maternal reflections, ending with the fear that he would "not excel." The young man had too much of that inferior sort of pride which fears to go forth in public with anything short of fashionable garments, and hat and boots fit for fashionable criticism. His cheeks would tingle with shame at being seen in any working capacity: his heart sunk within him, if his young friends met him when he showed signs of the necessity of labor, or of the absence of funds. Moreover, Archie looked on the dark side of his life entirely too often; he pined over his deficiencies, as he called them, by which he meant mental as well as pecuniary wants. . . . . But to do the youth justice, his good qualities must be told, too. He was unflinchingly honest; he would have laid out a fortune, had he possessed one, for his mother's comfort; he was not indisposed to work, and work faithfully, could he do so in a sphere equal to his ambition; he had a benevolent, candid soul, and none of the darker vices which are so common among the young fellows of our great cities.

A good friend, in whose house she could be useful, furnished the widow with a gladly accepted

shelter; and thither she also took her younger boy, the sickly, pale child, the light-haired little David, who looked thin enough to be blown all away by a good breeze. And happening accidentally to hear of a country district, where for poor pay and coarse fare, a school teacher was required, and finding on inquiry that Archie, who though little more than a boy himself, had a fine education, would fill the needs of the office, thither the young man was fain to betake him, sick at soul, and hardly restraining unmanly tears as his mother kissed his cheek, while he hugged his brother tightly, the next hour being to find him some miles on his journey. But it *must* be. Had he not ransacked every part of the city for employment as a clerk? And was he not quite ashamed to be any longer a burthen on other people for his support?

Toward the close of the first week of his employment, the entering upon which, with the feelings and circumstances of the beginning, it is not worth while to narrate, Archie wrote a long letter to his mother, (strange as it may seem to most men, she was also his confidential friend,) of which the following is part:

"— You may be tired of such outpourings of spleen, but my experience tells me that I shall feel better after writing them; and I am in that mood when sweet music would confer on me no pleasure. Pent up and cribbed here among a set of beings to whom grace and refinement are unknown, with no sunshine ahead, have I not reason to feel the gloom over me? Ah, poverty, what a devil thou art! How many high desires, how many aspirations after goodness and truth thou hast crushed under thy iron heel! What swelling hearts thou hast sent down to the silent house, after a long season of strife and bitterness! What talent, noble as that of great poets and philosophers, thou dost doom to pine in obscurity, or die in despair! \* \* \* Mother, my throat chokes, and my blood almost stops, when I see around me so many people who appear to be born into the world merely to eat and sleep, and run the same dull monotonous round—and think that I too must fall in this current, and live and die in vain!"

Poor youth, how many, like you, have looked on man and life in the same ungracious light! Has God's all-wise providence ordered things wrongly, then? Is there discord in the machinery which moves systems of worlds, and keeps them in their harmonious orbits? O, no: there is discord in your own heart; in that lies the darkness and the tangle. To the young man, with health and a vigilant spirit, there is shame in despon-

dency. Here we have a world, a thousand avenues to usefulness and to profit stretching in far distances around us. Is *this* the place for a failing soul? Is *youth* the time to yield, when the race is just begun?

But a changed spirit, the happy result of one particular incident, and of several trains of clearer thought, began to sway the soul of Archie Dean in the course of the summer: for it was at the beginning of spring that he commenced his labors and felt his severest deprivations. There is surely, too, a refreshing influence in open-air nature, and in natural scenery, with occasional leisure to enjoy it, which begets in a man's mind truer and heartier reflections, analyzes and balances his decisions, and clarifies them if they are wrong, so that he sees his mistakes—an influence that takes the edge off many a vapory pang, and neutralizes many a loss, which is most a loss in imagination. Whether this suggestion be warranted or not, there was no doubt that the discontented young teacher's spirits were eventually raised and sweetened by his country life, by his long walks over the hills, by his rides on horseback every Saturday, his morning rambles and his evening saunters; by his coarse living, even, and the untainted air and water, which seemed to make better blood in his veins. Gradually, too, he found something to admire in the character and customs of the unpolished country-folk; their sterling sense on most practical subjects, their hospitality, and their industry.

One day Archie happened to be made acquainted with the history of one of the peculiar characters of the neighborhood—an ancient, bony, yellow-faced maiden, whom he had frequently met, and who seemed to be on good terms with everybody; her form and face receiving a welcome, with all their contiguity and fadedness, wherever and whenever they appeared. In the girlhood of this long-born spinster, her father's large farm had been entirely lost and sold from him, to pay the debts incurred by his extravagance and dissipation. The consequent ruin to the family peace which followed, made a singularly deep impression on the girl's mind, and she resolved to get the whole farm back again. This determination came to form her life—the greater part of it—as much as her bodily limbs and veins. She was a shrewd creature; she worked hard; she received the small payment which is given to female labor; she persisted; night and day found her still at her tasks, which were of every imaginable description; long—long—long years passed; youth fled, (and it was said she had been quite handsome); many changes of ownership occurred in the farm itself; she confided her resolve all that time to no human being; she hoarded her gains; all other passions—love even, gave way to her one great resolve; she watched her opportunity, and even-

tually conquered her object! She not only cleared the farm, but was happy in furnishing her old father with a home there for years before his death. And when one comes to reflect on the disadvantages under which a woman labors, in the strife for gain, this will appear a remarkable, almost an incredible case. And then, again, when one thinks how surely, though ever so slowly and step by step, perseverance has overcome apparently insuperable difficulties, the fact—for the foregoing incident is a fact—may not appear so strange.

Archie felt the narrative of this old maid's doings as a rebuke—a sharp-pointed moral to himself and his infirmity of purpose. Moreover, the custom of his then way of life forced him into habits of more thorough activity; he had to help himself or go unhelped; he found a novel satisfaction in that highest kind of independence which consists in being able to do the offices of one's own comfort, and achieve resources and capacities "at home," whereof to place happiness beyond the reach of variable circumstances, or of the services of the hireling, or even of the uses of fortune. The change was not a sudden one: few great changes are. But his heart was awakened to his weakness; the seed was sown; Archie Dean felt that he *could* expand his nature by means of that very nature itself. Many times he flagged; but at each fretful falling back, he thought of the yellow-faced dame, and roused himself again. . . . Meantime, changes occurred in the mother's condition. Archie was called home to weep at the death-bed of little David. Even that helped work out the revolution in his whole make; he felt that on him rested the responsibility of making the widow's last years comfortable. "I shall give up my teacher's place," said he to his mother, "and come to live with you; we will have the same home, for it is best so." And so he did. And the weakness of the good youth's heart never got entirely the better of him afterward, but in the course of a season, was put to flight utterly. This second time he *made* employment. With an iron will he substituted action and cheerfulness for despondency and a fretful tongue. He met his fortunes as they came, face to face, and shirked no conflict. Indeed, he felt it glorious to vanquish obstacles. For his mother he furnished a peaceful, plentiful home; and from the hour of David's death, never did his tongue utter words other than kindness, or his lips, whatever annoyances or disappointments came, cease to offer their cheerfulest smile in her presence.

Ah, for how many the morose habit which Archie rooted out from his nature, becomes by long usage and indulgence rooted in, and spreads its bitterness over their existence, and darkens the peace of their families, and carries them through the spring and early summer of life with no inhalement of sweets, and no plucking of flowers!



## THE FATAL VALENTINE.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

*Author of "A Summer in the Wilderness," "A Tour to the Saguenay," etc., etc.*

MARY MARLOWE was a beautiful girl, and the only child of devoted parents. Her father was a merchant in moderate circumstances, and resided in one of the more secluded streets of the great emporium of our land. The society to which they belonged was of the highest respectability, but the life led by each member of this family was distinguished for its peacefulness.

All the young men who were acquainted with the only daughter, were charmed by her accomplished mind, personal beauty, and the sweetness of her voice. But among those who aspired to win her hand and heart, was one who had been received as an accepted lover. The parties were worthy of each other, and the love which was daily uniting them almost into one being, was eminently refined and pure. Charming beyond compare were the scenes which the lover was constantly picturing to his mind, but the smiles of his lady constituted the sunlight of every scene; and she, too, cherished many a vision of unalloyed happiness, and the thought never entered her mind that the world contained a single cloud that could possibly cast a shadow over her heart. Like a young and vigorous tree of the forest, the young man stood among his fellows; and like a flower in a remote dell dwelt the heroine of our story, in her quiet home.

It was the evening of St. Valentine's Day, and Mary Marlowe was seated before a comfortable fire; now thoughtfully peering into the glowing grate, and anon enjoying some of the fine passages of Longfellow's Hyperion. Her father was absent from home on some charitable errand, while her mother and a country cousin, who was making her a winter visit, were spending the evening with a neighboring family. And it so happened, too, that Mary's lover was absent from the city, so the beautiful damsel was entirely alone. Yes, she was indeed alone, but far from being in a lonely mood, for her thoughts were with her lover, and she amused herself by dwelling upon the treasures of her newly-discovered ideal world.

But now the damsel is startled by the sudden ringing of the street door bell, and the servant presently makes his appearance in the parlor with a note addressed to Mary Marlowe. She recognises the hand-writing—it is from her lover, and quickly does she fix herself comfortably in the old

arm-chair to enjoy the anticipated luxury. She opens the letter, and reads as follows:

My dear Mary,—You are indeed dear to me, but at the same time I think you are a cold-hearted girl, and I fear that you possess a timid and bashful disposition, which would never be reconciled to my sterner nature. In view of this deeply-rooted belief, I have conceived the idea of bringing our intimacy of half a year to an immediate close. And what more appropriate season could be selected for our separation than the present, when, as I doubt not, you are well-nigh overwhelmed with the missives of St. Valentine, and can, in a moment, select a worthy lover from the many who have sought your hand? And now that I may be in the fashion, I subscribe myself,

YOUR FRIEND AND VALENTINE."

The cruel arrow has pierced the maiden's heart, and by the calm despair now resting on her brow, we tremble for her fate. Tears come not to her relief—the crimson current in her veins has ceased to flow, and she falls into the hollow of her chair in a deep swoon. And now she is visited by a dream, and if we are to believe the story of her countenance, strange and fearful must be the character of that dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is now ten o'clock; the family have all returned, and our Mary has recovered from her swoon. Laughingly does her mother talk to her about her housekeeping duties, for her drooping eyelids intimate the idea that she has enjoyed a comfortable nap. To this a pleasant reply is returned, accompanied with a kiss for all present, but none, save our poor Mary, can see the heavy cloud brooding upon the household. A few moments more, and the family have all retired to their several apartments, and the house is shrouded in silence.

As usual, Mary and her cousin are to occupy the same bed, and the latter, being uncommonly drowsy, is soon lost in a sweet slumber. And now let us watch with care the movements of her companion, who, when last noticed by the sleeper, was poring over the pages of her Bible. Noiselessly do her footsteps fall upon the carpet, as she goes to a closet for a small vial, which she ex-



amines, and then places upon her dressing-case. Drawer after drawer is opened, and on one or two chairs are displayed the various articles which compose the dress of a bride. And now the lady retires to her bath, and then comes forth with a ruddy glow upon her cheek; her flowing hair is bound into its beautiful folds, and in a short time she stands before her mirror decked in spotless white, as if for a virgin festival. What does all this mean? Alas! our Mary is "the queen of a fantastic realm."

But, lo! another change. The lamp has been extinguished, and our Mary is upon her knees at prayer, with her hands closely clasped, and her full liquid eyes turned heavenward. The mellow moonlight steals sweetly through the open curtains, adding an unwonted brightness, as it were, to the figure of the praying girl. Not a sound is there to break the holy silence of the place—no sound save the almost inaudible words of this strange prayer:—

"Father in heaven, I cannot understand the decree of thy Providence, but I submit to thy dispensation without a murmur. I knew that in my womanly idolatry I was forgetting thee, and I now beseech thee, in thine infinite love, to have mercy upon me, and wash my soul from every transgression. Have mercy also, O God, upon him

who has broken my heart; comfort my parents in their declining years, and answer my prayer through the merits of thy Son, the Redeemer of the world. I come to dwell with Thee, if thou wilt receive me to thy bosom. Amen and Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

Morning dawned, and the pleasant sunshine was flooding the world with beauty. Our Mary's cousin was the first to awaken from slumber, when she encircled her bedfellow with her arms, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her lips; one moment more, and she was petrified with horror—for Mary Marlowe was numbered with the dead.

On the third day after that of St. Valentine, the lover of the unhappy suicide returned to the city. He found not his beloved in the pleasant parlor of her father, but a sleeper in the voiceless and desolate tomb. The fatal valentine was found and submitted to his inspection. He avowed his utter ignorance of it, and having fallen into a settled melancholy, is now a raving maniac. As to the thoughtless and wicked man who wrote the foolish valentine, his name and purpose are alike unknown.

NOTE.—The prominent features of this incident actually occurred in the city of New York in February, 1847.

LINES.

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

"If one heart loves thee, thou art blest,  
O, be confiding."

Is there a heart that loves thee?—

Hold the rich treasure fast;  
Oh suffer not a breath of doubt  
Its venom'd shade to cast  
Upon that precious gem whose light  
Can make life's darkest hours seem bright.

Pour forth thine every feeling,  
Yet guard each careless word;  
Oft are the deepest fountains

By lightest breezes stirred;  
And idle jests, untimely spoken,  
The tenderest ties have oftentimes broken.

The heart is like a silver lute,  
That with an answering tone  
Sends forth a gush of melody  
To greet thy touch alone.  
And if thy hand one chord should sever,  
Its strains are lost to thee forever.

## SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.-----Music by Ann Slesman.



SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

miss the voice of waves, the first that woke my child - ish glee; The

measur'd chime, the thun-dering burst, Where is my own blue sea?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a left-hand staff with a bass clef, both sharing the one-flat key signature. The lyrics are placed below the voice staff. The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign at the end.

11.

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,  
 Soft, soft, your winds may be,  
 Yet my sick heart within me dies,  
 Where is my own blue sea?  
 I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,  
 I hear the whispering tree:  
 The echoes of my soul are mute,  
 Where is my own blue sea?



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

**JUNE.**—What potent alchemy has so transformed our bustling, cosmopolitan, hard-money city? How unlike the New-York of a month past! There is a light, a freshness, a buoyancy tempering its commercial atmosphere, and giving to thin, business-worn faces some expression of the physical enjoyment of existence. Eyes which could not, indeed, be said to contain no "speculation," but which seemed dull to everything but the magnetic attraction of precious metal, take some note of the beauty that is about them. Voices, which so long have rung no changes except "on 'change," have a hearty warmth that challenges sympathy with the unwonted lightness of the spirit within. The croaking, the desponding, the impatient and the indignant have all bated somewhat of their usual habit of speech, and approach nearer to the hopeful and the confident.

Verily, under this glorious sky of June, there is poetry in brick walls and stone pavements. The spires of the city taper upwards through the clear air with as much grace and beauty as a tall pine on the summit of a hill. The long vista of Broadway, with its variety of color, and overflow of visible life, is almost as pleasant to look upon, and quite as poetical (though in another sense), as the secluded aisle of a forest. Flag-stones may be, perhaps, less pleasant under the feet than fresh turf, but one can walk by moonlight, and in the first delicious hour of morning, without being drenched in dew, and paying the subsequent penalty of a most unromantic and exasperating "cold in the head."

This is our proper season of spring—the first sudden expansion of vegetation, and bursting of all things into bloom. Nature in our land has not the long, sweet infancy which the gradual springs of Europe bestow, but an overflowing vitality, a vigorous and exulting bound into full maturity, which is felt with corresponding power in the mental, as in the physical world. To this, and to other peculiarities of our climate and seasons, may be attributed, in a great measure, those bold, distinct features of national character, which are continually separating us by a wider gap from the people whose language we speak, and whose blood is in our veins.

**AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.**—The carnival season of show and gayety has passed, and we are not now perplexed by the former multitude of claims on our curiosity and spiritual gratification. Nearly all of the "phenomena" have left us to astonish the more unaccustomed dwellers of the inland; the exhibitors of paintings and statuary, and specimens of wonderful mechanism, are displaying their

glories in the smaller cities of the north, south, east, and west. But we have still a choice list remaining for this most enjoyable season. Biscaccianti, with her clear, bird-like sweetness of song, has given us a concert; Dempster, has been again among us, with those simple and touching old ballads which we never tire of hearing; and in the way of art, the Exhibition of the Academy, with the Cole Gallery, and the Collection of Paintings by the Old Masters, offer a fund of true enjoyment and instruction, which many days' study would not exhaust. If the upturning of European governments should continue much longer, the noted song-birds of the Royal Italian Opera, and the Académie de la Musique, will probably become birds of passage, and direct their migration westward. We should have no objection to the Florentine Gallery, or the Museums of the Vatican and Louvre taking a similar trip.

**THE COLE GALLERY.**—The most interesting exhibition of pictures which has been opened in this city for a long time, has been the Cole Gallery. The recent death of the artist, who was called away, like Raphael and Allston, almost before the color could dry upon the pencil he laid down forever, gave a melancholy interest to this collection of his life's labors. No one could fail to be struck with the spiritual progress manifest in his works, from his early landscapes, full of the *sentiment* of our forests and mountains, to the wild imaginative beauty which pervades his "World and Cross." This latter work is filled with the purest and loftiest poetry; not Shelley himself could have built a more beautiful cloud-creation, than that down which the angels descend to meet the Christian on the mountain-top. Cole was one of those men who make success but the stepping-stone to success. He died with his foot upon the ladder.

**AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.**—We are glad to notice the encouragement of "music for the million" which this society affords, by the formation of a violin class under careful and excellent instruction, and on moderate terms. A knowledge of some musical instrument is the most valuable of all accomplishments, and we hope to see it ere long an indispensable branch of general education.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have a large number of accepted articles on hand, and if some of our friends do not find their contributions in our pages so soon as they may have anticipated, we beg them to be patient with us. We are guided by no particular preference in the order of publication, but by the necessary variety of subject, and the limits of the space allotted us.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

**OLD HICKS THE GUIDE**—OF, Adventures in the Camanche Country in search of a Gold Mine. By C. W. Webber. *New York*: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Webber is a spirited writer, and he has here an inspiring theme. What visions rise at the thought of a gold-mine! And our author is an actual observer—has undergone perils, and “had losses” too. We have not had time to give the book a proper perusal, but it seems exceedingly piquant, and full of life and interest. We could point to particular adventures, but the reader must get the book.

**THE STORY WITHOUT AN END**—from the German of Carove. By Sarah Austin, illustrated by William Harvey, Esq. *New York*: John Wiley, 161 Broadway; and G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

A most beautiful little book, and only too small for readers of any age who have any taste. A story without an end has many advantages over a tale highly wrought, and unnaturally finished. The story of the life of a spirit—an internal biography, as it were—can hardly have a regular, novelish, exciting conclusion; and so much the better for children. Buy this book, good, mammas and kind uncles.

**PEARLS OF AMERICAN POETRY.** Illuminated by T. Gwilt Mapleson. *New-York*: Wiley and Putnam.

This is, beyond a doubt, the most magnificent work which has ever appeared in America, and we do not now recollect of any among the celebrated attempts at reviving the splendor of monkish missal and psalter in England which surpasses it in taste of design, or beauty of illumination. Its pages are of glossy vellum, on which one reads choice selections from American poets in rare old black-letter, surrounded with arabesque borders of gold and colors, which enclose illustrative vignettes. The book seems almost out of place in these days of railroads and revolutions. It is better fitted for the splendors of the Middle Ages, and we can easily imagine some

“high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour,—

by turning over its glowing pages. But our maidens are all the daughters of sovereigns; and whether in palaces of brick and granite, or homes shaded by regal oak and princely elm, they will no doubt make use of it for the same romantic end.

Mr. Mapleson has shown a wonderful fertility of invention in varying the style of illumination with every poem. As fine specimens of his talent, we may mention Bryant's “Autumn Woods,” Longfellow's “Old Clock on the Stairs,” “Florence Vane,” and the “Reverie at Glenmary.” Among the fortunate authors whose effusions are thus embalmed, like the bodies of kings, in gold and precious spices, are Bryant, Longfellow, Willis, Hoffman, Whittier, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Percival, R. H. Wilde, and Bayard Taylor. The publishers have shown

great enterprise in getting up this costly work, and we are glad to learn that it has been repaid by the most complete success.

**WUTHERING HEIGHTS.** A novel. By the author of “Jane Eyre.” *New-York*: Harper and Brothers.

The sensation created in the reading world by the appearance of *Jane Eyre* was so universal, that the announcement of a new work by the same author, prepared the public appetite for an equally fresh and piquant repast. We fancy, however, that instead of this being the case, most readers of *Wuthering Heights* have “supped full of horrors.” The characters are, with scarcely an exception, of the most wicked and repulsive stamp; while the tale is told with such a power of delineation, such a strange fascination of interest, that one cannot choose but read, though it be with a shudder. There is no attempt at placing the evil in its true deformity, by contrast with purity and virtue—no apparent shrinking of the writer from the fiends whom he has conjured up from a morbid, though powerful imagination. Such a work could never have been the offspring of a mind not perverted from its true course.

We hope it will be proven to have been written by another hand than that which wrote “*Jane Eyre*,” but if the authorship *should* be identical, it will at least settle the much-discussed question of sex. No woman could write *Wuthering Heights*.

**THE MILITARY LIFE OF JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.** By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. *New York*: Harper and Brothers.

The historian of Modern Europe appears after a rest of some years, as the biographer of the great Marlborough. The work, as we learn from the preface, was suggested by the valuable documents concerning Marlborough's campaign which were discovered about six years ago in the record-room at Kensington, near Woodstock. The details of the work are full of interest, and, in spite of the diminished admiration with which we have come to regard military characters, we cannot withhold from Marlborough the homage due to great and noble qualities of mind. His ally in the glorious operations on the continent, Prince Eugene of Savoy, was a man of equally lofty traits of character; and it is remarkable that they are both celebrated in ballads, which are sung the world over—Marlborough in the famous “*Marlbrook s'en va la guerre*,” and Eugene in the equally popular German ballad of “*Prinz Eugen*.”

The book is issued in neat style, and contains outlines and plans of the various battles, showing the disposition of the hostile forces.

**THE OWL CREEK LETTERS:** and other Correspondence. By W. *New York*: Baker and Scribner.

We have read this book through with a feeling as if a cool sea-breeze, all fresh with the salt spray of the waves, were blowing upon us. There is a charm in the author's descriptions of forest and ocean scenery, that impresses



one with almost the effect of the real objects. We follow the enthusiastic and poetical loiterer in his wild yatching through the Sound, and around the bleak, gray islands that break the vehemence of the Atlantic surges, with the same delight as if he were describing a cruise among the "hoarse Hebrides." He is a true lover of Nature, and of Nature in her American garb. We remember few writers who have described our scenery with a keener appreciation of its grand and rugged features. We wish he would make a tour among the mountain regions of the inland, changing his yacht for a sturdy travelling horse, or, if he chooses, a spirited *mustang* from the Camanche country. Such a roving, adventurous tour, could not fail to supply new and rich material for his pen.

But, instead of farther criticism, let us substitute the following exquisite description of Sunset on Montauk:

"I have been this evening seated on a rock at the extremity of the Point, watching the sunset, and looking over the water as far as my eye can reach. I had company (pleasant company!) and we talked of the scene till our minds became so full of the beauty, and, finally, with the solemnity of it, that, as was remarked, silence became the most pleasant conversation. I fixed my eye on the faint blue streak on the southern horizon, the bluffs of Montauk. The surf broke in measured time around the rock on which we sat. The sun had gathered round him a host of glorious clouds to watch his calm descent into the water of the Sound. In the South, as far as I could see, was the unchanged, unchanging ocean, and the horizon was formed by that narrow blue strip, scarcely distinguishable from the waves. For an instant, a sail flashed out in the beams of the red sun, as if a flame were playing on the ocean—a marine will-o'-the-wisp, (do you see the Irishism in that sentence?) but it passed into a dull gray again, and was no longer visible. The lighthouse at Watch Hill, tinted with the same bright rays, stood in the east, and between it and our seat, a dozen sail of small boats, freighted with light hearts and merriness, or lobsters and clams, as the case might be, hung idly in the motionless air."

SKETCHES. By Rev. Ralph Hoyt. No. 10. The Angel. New York: Spalding and Shephard.

The style in which these poetical *brochures* are got up, is neatness itself, and strikes us as being admirably adapted to the finish and completeness of Mr. Hoyt's verse. "The Angel," though very musical, and characterized by a touching seriousness, is hardly equal to the author's former productions. It has neither the quaint imagery of "Old," nor the earnestness of the "Blacksmith's Night." We prefer the little poem, "Where?" which follows it, and which we should certainly quote, were the Union Magazine as extensive as our wishes for the author's success.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Second Series. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

There will be rejoicing among the juveniles at the announcement of a second part of this charming book of adventure. The first part, which appeared several years ago, took its place at once beside its antetype, Robinson Crusoe, which it nearly equals in graphic simplicity of detail, and variety of incident. Combined with the narrative, there is much useful information given in the style which children best relish, making the work really valuable in an educational view. We make these remarks for our grown-up readers who may not have read it; our young friends will need nothing more than the mention of the name, to besiege the pockets of their (we hope) indulgent parents, for the wherewithal to procure a copy.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE; and other Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. With Four Drawings, by Otto Speker. New York: John Wiley.

Andersen is one of the most popular living writers of children's stories. Himself of simple, child-like character, he enters at once into the tastes and feelings of the young, and even his most imaginative and poetical stories, are such as we should expect to hear from a *child* of genius. His "Shoes of Fortune," are popular in several languages of Europe, and will certainly become so on this side of the water.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND—from the accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By Henry Hallam. From the fifth London edition. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We are a little jealous of the splendid gift-books of this season. We fear they will stand instead of *literature* with some readers. As a counterbalance, let us bring forth a sterling book, which deserved this attention at our hands long ago. There can be very little occasion to speak in words of praise of a work which has been before the public for twenty years, by an author whom every year has been exalting in the confidence and admiration of the literary world. Recent events, however, have made all Mr. Hallam's writings of peculiar importance: whether his works are cause or effect, there can be no doubt that a very profound and practical interest is now aroused in everything appertaining to the middle ages; and although the present work covers a more recent period, yet it is perhaps the best route back to the more interesting time from which it dates. The exceedingly important questions concerning the Church of England now agitating the public mind, must derive great light from Mr. Hallam's investigations respecting the origin of the constitution of the Church in the present volume, and these will have a far greater value on account of the fact that they were written before the recent partisan disputes on this subject arose. It is needless to speak of the candor, good sense, clear style, elegant taste, the universal knowledge, and special accuracy of all Mr. Hallam's writings. The Harpers have furnished in their reprint a beautiful volume, in large type, double columns, good paper, and substantial binding. We recommend their edition to all students of history, to schools, and colleges, and private libraries.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR. A Tale of the Times. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Baker and Scribner.

This is a work of much more practical value than cheap novels generally possess. In his illustrations of household economy, and the business relations of life, Mr. Arthur's works are calculated to exercise a most beneficial influence. Admirers of the intense school of literature may find fault with his lack of exciting scenes, and the matter-of-fact air of his characters, but these very qualities tell best with the class for whom they were written, and by whom they are read.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Another of Mr. Arthur's plain, unromantic, common sense, practical stories, which few will read without being entertained, and fewer still without deriving some profit therefrom.



*[Decorative border]*



so rapidly in the estimation of the public, as the Union Magazine. Its literary productions are of a superior order; and the embellishments, in general, of the finest kind. This number contains no less than nine engravings. That of "Clara and Lucy," presents a beautiful illustration of filial affection, luxuriating beneath the shady bowers of spring's native attire. "Spring Time," is also characteristically illustrative in its nature and design. We do not hesitate to commend the work to every family and every reader.—*Daily Sentinel and Advertiser, Jersey City, N. J.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, the best of the magazines of the day, is again upon our table. The embellishments are, as usual, of a superior order. If we were about to subscribe for any of the monthlies, we would prefer the Union to any other—the Lady's Book and Graham's not excepted.—*The News, Hagerstown, Md.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The May number of this beautifully-printed and excellent New-York monthly has been received. In the way of embellishment, it contains two superb Steel Engravings, a handsome Colored Fashion Plate, and several of the spirited Wood Engravings which form an original feature in the pictorial department of this magazine. The contributors are Mrs. Child, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Kirkland, and others whose names are favorably known in the literary world. The Union is attaining a wide circulation throughout our country, and bids fair, ere long, to outstrip its contemporaries that are now in advance of it only in age.—*Reading Gaz., Reading, Pa.*

The May number of the UNION MAGAZINE is before us, and adds additional lustre to the high character of this popular publication. The embellishments are very beautiful, and consist of Clara and Lucy, Spring Time, Fashion Plate, with numerous handsome wood cuts. The productions we consider superior to those found in most of the magazines, being of a more solid and substantial nature, furnishing a real intellectual treat. "We go for the Union for the sake of the Union," and hope it will be preserved.—*New Jersey Mirror, Mount Holly, N. J.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have received the May number of this delightful monthly, for which we tender to the publisher our very best thanks. We have looked through its pages, and must say, in justice to the fair conductor, Mrs. Kirkland, that we do not know when we have derived more pleasure from the perusal of one of our monthlies. The "Union" is peculiarly fitted for a lady's centre-table. Its embellishments, if there was not a word of printed matter in the whole work, are really worth the subscription. Its matter, however, is really good. We do not know any way in which our fair friends could better expend three dollars, than in purchasing the monthly visits of this beautiful, and at the same time valuable periodical.—*Journal, Wilmington, N. C.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—This delightful monthly visitant has given us its salutations for May, with a countenance beaming with beauty, and laden with the tributes of genius and talent. The contributors for the month are not unknown to fame, and aided by the piquant pen of the editor, render the present number fit and becoming to follow in the "footsteps of its illustrious predecessors." The Union can need no better encomium, than to say of it, it continues to maintain the high position awarded to it by the public.—*Mohawk Valley Gazette, Canajoharie, N. Y.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—This deservedly-popular magazine makes its first appearance upon our table this week. It is embellished with two fine engravings and a splendid fashion plate. In addition to these, each article is handsomely illustrated with wood cuts. The typography of this periodical is superior to any other, in some respects, and the contributors are, in the main, excellent. Mrs. Maria L. Child heads the list of contributors, who are all favorites with the reading public. We hope our readers will form an acquaintance with it without delay.—*Connecticut Fountain, Hartford, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have received the May No. of this Magazine, which has thus far, the present year, excelled in beauty and interest all the other publications.—*Danvers Courier, Danvers, Mass.*

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#### GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

WE will give the person, sending us the largest club of subscribers to this Magazine, with the cash at the above rates during the time ending the 1st of May, 1848, the engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, containing the correct portraits of ninety-seven distinguished gentlemen, then in the Senate Chamber, at the time of Mr Clay's farewell speech. The Engraving measures thirty-two by forty inches, engraved by Thomas Doney, and published by E. Anthony, with a splendid gilt frame; the engraving and frame costing \$27 00, which we will deliver free of freight or expense, in any way to the person entitled to it, at any place within the United States; and it will also constitute the person sending the money, a life subscriber to the Union Magazine. The picture and frame can be seen at any time at E. Anthony's Daguerreotype Establishment, 247 Broadway, New-York.

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